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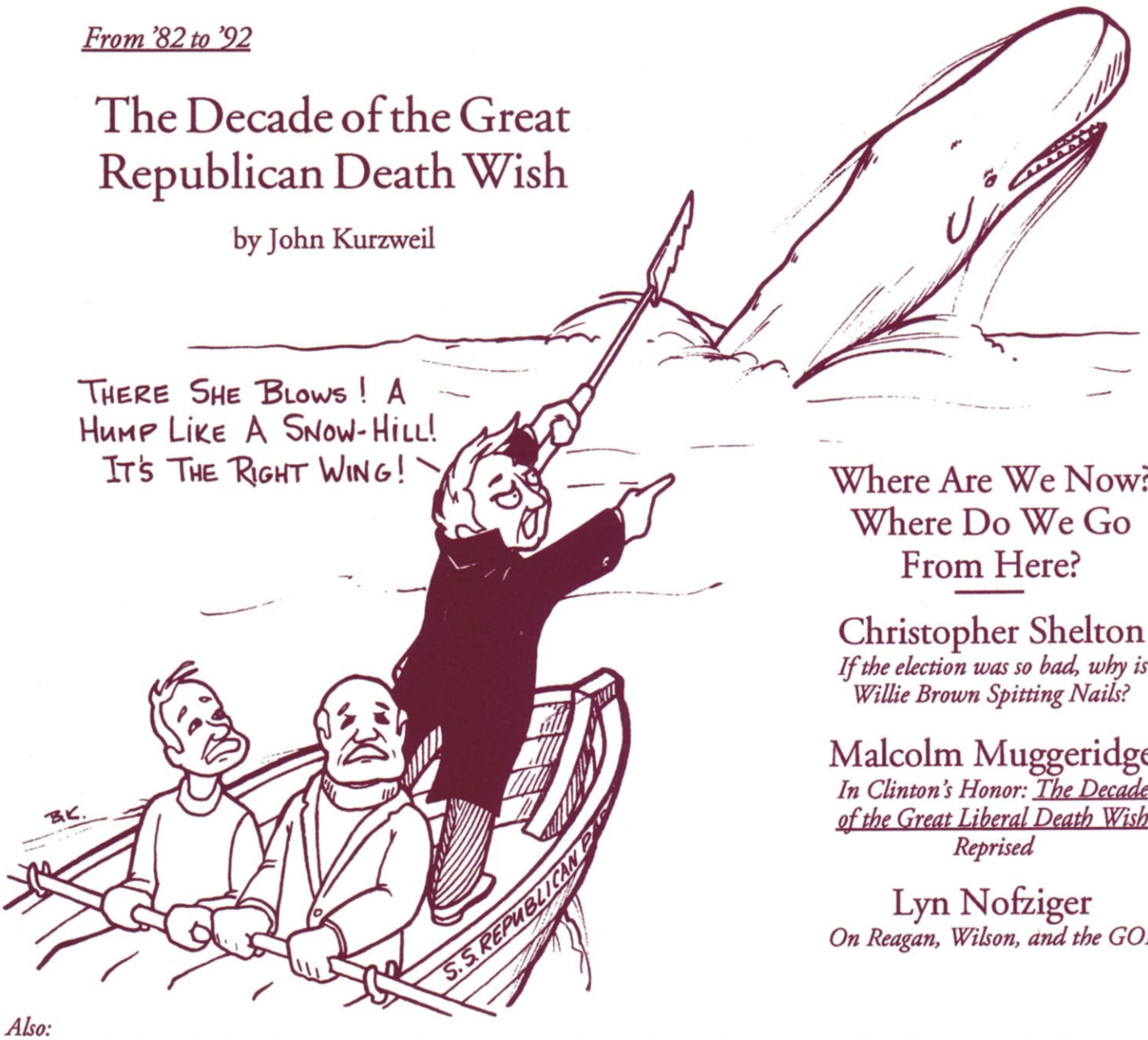
California Political Review

From '82 to '92

The Decade of the Great Republican Death Wish

by John Kurzweil



Where Are We Now? Where Do We Go From Here?

Christopher Shelton
If the election was so bad, why is Willie Brown Spitting Nails?

Malcolm Muggeridge
In Clinton's Honor: The Decade of the Great Liberal Death Wish Reprised

Lyn Nofziger
On Reagan, Wilson, and the GOP

Also:

Chuck Bell & Chris Micheli: Will Prop 68 Ride Again?

Criticus: *Art Brut,* Doo Dah, & Clinton's Royal Progress

O'Neill-Lopez: Ted Field's Inner Darkness

Vol. 4, No. 1 *A Publication of the California Public Policy Foundation* Winter 1993

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Ending the Liberal Monopoly in California Journalism

Should liberals continue to straitjacket California's political debate? No matter its failures, the left's creaking, derelict statism still shapes every discussion — *for* big government "solutions," *for* continuous tax increases, *for* more bureaucratic control, *belittling* individual freedom, *maligning* individual responsibility. Liberalism's monopoly in California journalism is the cause. ***California Political Review*** is the cure. Add *your* name to the growing list of California conservative leaders reading *California Political Review.* Subscribe today!

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California Political Review

Winter 1993

Articles

From '82 to '92: The Decade of the
Great Republican Death Wish 14

In the early '80s, Republicans were the party of ideas with the issues, the voters, and the future on their side. Conrad cartoons pictured the Democrat donkey not as a vanishing species, but as already extinct. But through assiduous effort, in ten short years the GOP has managed to annihilate its advantages, destroy its coalition, and restore the donkey to health and power.

by John Kurzweil

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by Christopher Shelton

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A solvent rather than a precipitate, a sedative rather than a stimulant, a slough rather than a precipice; blurring the edges of truth, the definition of virtue, the shape of beauty; a cracked bell, a mist, a death wish.

by Malcolm Muggeridge

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Correspondence

Greshamizing the Culture

I heard David Horowitz speak at a recent meeting of the conservative George Washington Society on the left having stolen our culture and how conservatives would have to fight "inch-by-inch" to reclaim it. I admire Horowitz, but this time I think he is wrong. The left, which believes in relativism regarding morals and values, dominates our culture because there are no standards in American society today. They are supported by those who could not produce anything of value in an open contest where excellence is a goal, those who could, but find it easier to stoop to vulgarisms than to stretch their talent, and those who believe it is unfair and demeaning to hold people to any standards at all, lest they fail to meet the test and suffer the real or imagined consequences.

The key to the dominance of our culture by those with no standards is the legalization and acceptance of pornography, which is an abandonment of the very concept of standards. It sends a signal that 2-Live-Crew and *Debbie Does Dallas* are as worthy and as valued as Gershwin and Hemingway, and has led to the Greshamization of our culture, i.e., the bad driving out the good. An inch-by-inch battle on this playing field will avail us nothing. We must wage a frontal assault on pornography and not quiver in fear at the use of the word "censorship." We must work for the right of communities to censor cultural pollution as they now censor air and water pollution. If we win this battle, it will do to the left in America what *glasnost* and *perestroika* did to the Communist Party in the now defunct Soviet Union.

Julio Bontempi
North Hollywood

Media-Induced Paranoia

I really enjoyed Paul Ciotti's piece ("How the Media Makes People Paranoid," *CPR*, Fall 1992). I just hope not too many people take it to heart!

Bill Endicott
Sacramento

Mr. Ciotti's article brought me to my senses — and just in time. I've been sending my position papers to the White House, firing off indignant post cards to one and all, monitoring C-SPAN and CNN and Rush and Ted Koppel — reacting to every ripple in the media pond — like you, racing for the *San Francisco Chronicle* (and my neighbor puts a fresh *New York Times* on my doorstep each morning) — all before coffee.

Thank you. We do have a cabin in the Sierras, filled with good books and ancient newspapers worth saving, old "Countrymen" and *good* stuff! Now I'm convinced I can control my own brain.

Shirley Heffernan
Lafayette

L-o-u-i-s, not Lewis

When I read Gregory Sanford's article on heroes ("Heroes From the Other Side," *CPR*, Fall 1992) I was reminded that either you all are younger or I am much older. I'll settle for the latter, although the great fighter didn't go to his final purse all that long ago. His name is spelled L-o-u-i-s, not Lewis. Even so, I heard that second Schmelling fight on the radio (right after "The Lone Ranger") and recall what a tremendous elation it gave to neighborhood blacks, as well as to their fellow citizens and sports enthusiasts in general. It was moving to read that Max Schmelling had sheltered Jews during *Kristallnacht*.

On a second point, my curiosity was aroused by your item on our Congressman Rick Lehman. I suspect I know the source of your information when you mention his December 2 letter maligning capital-gains-tax cuts and his letter two months later (after acquiring Republican constituents) supporting such cuts. You indicate the recipients of those letters were two people when, in fact, I think "they" were only one constituent — namely, me. I have the December 2 letter and the February 3 letter, copies of which I furnished to Lehman's opponent.

W. Edward Chynoweth
Sanger

Apologies to all for the dreadful spelling error. I've made myself write "Joe Louis" 50 times on the CPR blackboard.
Editor

Fifty-Two *CPRs* Per Year?

Just wish this were a weekly! It's almost impossible to find out what's really going on in Sacramento.

Virginia G. Spangle
Carmel

Granite Foreheads

Hats off to you for your inspired reply to the letter complaining about illegal aliens (*CPR*, Summer 1992). Supporters of freedom always seem ready to find exceptions. Your response cut to the heart of the

(Please turn to page 5)

California Political Review

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California Chronicles

Anne McFadden, editor

College Republicans

Election Tampering Overturned

The chairman of the Santa Monica College Republicans, Patrick Ortega, was recently re-instated as SMC student body president by Federal Judge Steven Wilson. President Ortega was duly elected last April but later denied his position on grounds he had violated a campus policy against "negative campaigning." Ortega was one of a slate of candidates that sponsored an ad in the student paper criticizing the improper use of funds allotted to various student clubs. None of the other "slate" candidates was disqualified, however, and no one complained about a campaign hit piece Ortega's opponents distributed castigating him as a "right winger," all of which seems to support Ortega's belief that he was singled out unfairly. He appealed first through the normal student body channels, then to the president of Santa Monica College (who refused to intercede), and lastly to the Board of Trustees. They told him he had to run again in the next election. So he did what all good Americans do these days: he sued in federal court. And won. His constitutional rights had been violated, the judge said, apparently not aware that, on campus, only the left has rights, constitutional or otherwise. Now there is an effort by various campus organizations to have a recall election to force Ortega to run again. Contact: Patrick Ortega, SB President, Santa Monica College, 1900 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica, 90405; 310/452-9251.

Save Our City

Santa Monicans Fight Back

Begun as an effort to improve public safety, a group called Save Our City (SOC) recently saw a City Council candidate it endorsed elected in the People's Republic of Santa Monica. SOC may now mount a serious political challenge to the left-wing Santa Monicans for Renters' Rights (SMRR), the cabal that more or less runs things currently. SOC was formed in November 1991 by citizens concerned about the city's growing homeless problem and scant regulation of camping and eating in public areas. The group provided the impetus for Santa Monica's no-camping ordinance which, like similar laws in other California cities, is being challenged as unconstitutional.

The SOC has taken on the establishment SMRR which was founded in 1978 to sponsor the Santa Monica rent control law passed in April 1979. SMRR is a conglomeration of liberal/socialist groups that rely on the popularity of rent control in a city dominated by renters to hold power, controlling the City Council and Rent Control Board. Four of the city's seven Council seats were on the ballot in the recent elections. The victory of the SOC-endorsed candidate, former prosecutor Asha Greenburg, retained the previous five-to-two SMRR-to-independent council split. It might be an indication, however, that the old ruling coalition is beginning to crack.

Former Santa Monica city attorney, Bob Myers (one of SMRR's founders along with Tom Hayden and Derek Shearer), who was fired for refusing to prosecute those arrested under the no-camping ordinance, is now advocating an even more "progressive" SMRR. If he prevails, it could lead to even greater political polarization among the diverse groups of renters in the city, inducing more of them to join the 800 business leaders, homeowners, and renters who now make up SOC. Contact: Save Our City, 2210 Wilshire Blvd., Box 568, Santa Monica, CA 90403 310/829-6942.

Fresh Start

Helping Them Help Themselves

Are the homeless people roaming our cities really innocent victims, deprived of opportunity and hope?

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Not if Israeli-born, self-made millionaire Dan Sandel has anything to say about it. Sandel has been trying to offer the homeless the kind of opportunities he found when he came to this country, so he is offering anyone in "need" a job in his Chatsworth plant and a free place to stay in an apartment he rented.

So far, however, he has found few takers for what he calls his Fresh Start program and has run into problems with city agencies that don't bother to refer clients to him. Those he has tried to help have mostly proven either unable or unwilling to stay with the program. Calling it an eye-opening experience and frustrating, Sandel nonetheless intends to continue looking for people who truly want to better their lives. Contact: Devon Industries, 9530 DeSoto, Chatsworth, CA 91311, 818/709-6880.

In Brief...

While **Maxine Waters** blamed the riots on "rage" over "failed Reagan-Bush policies," LA radio talk show host **Dennis Prager** says liberalism was among the culprits. In a recent "Heritage Lecture," Prager says "all evil comes from rage. The difference between moral people and immoral people is that moral people control their rage." Contact: The Heritage Foundation, 214 Massachusetts Ave., NE, Washington DC, 20002, 202/546-4400 . . . . **Errol Smith**, author of *37 Things Every Black Male Needs to Know* (reviewed California Chronicles, *CPR*, Summer 1991), now has his own radio talk show: "Head to Head with Errol Smith," Tuesdays at 3 p.m. on Los Angeles station KIEV, 870 AM . . . . The American Grand Jury Foundation exists to train newly appointed grand jurors, conduct research into the Grand Jury system, and inform the public about Grand Juries. Among its primary areas of concern are fraud and graft in state and local government, problems that editor of the Foundation's newsletter **Bruce T. Olson** says are "growing." Contact: American Grand Jury Foundation, Bruce T. Olson, P.O. Box 1690, Modesto, CA 95353-1690, 209/527-0966 . . . . Hoover Institution's **Dr. Alvin Rabushka** argues in a recent report, "Reversing California's Decline," that improving California's disastrous economic situation requires less spending and lower taxes — in a word, Reaganomics. From 1958 to 1991, he writes, "state spending tripled in real per capita terms, while personal income less than doubled." Is Pete Wilson listening? His budget proposals, so far, indicate that he may be. Contact: Dr. Alvin Rabushka, The Hoover Institution, Stanford University, Stanford, CA 94305, 415/723-2878 . . . . Los Angeles's Playhouse West director (and *CPR* contributor) **Robert Carnegie** has begun a new quarterly journal "of independent thought on acting, art, and the world stage," provocatively titled *The Reactionary* — a "reaction" to an acting and art world that claims "total freedom of thought," when discussing, say, Ice-T, but which also enforces "an ironclad ideology at all levels." Four-issue subscriptions may be purchased by sending a check for $20 payable to Robert Carnegie, Playhouse West, 4250 Lankershim Blvd., N. Hollywood, CA 91602 . . . . **Tom McClintock** is heading up the new Sacramento-based Center for the California Taxpayer, an educational organization (not a PAC), being formed under the aegis of **Lewis K. Uhler**'s National Tax Limitation Foundation . . . . UCLA's **James Q. Wilson** will keynote the National Association of Scholars' fourth national conference, held in cooperation with NAS's California chapter, in San Francisco, April 16-18. Distinguished UC Berkeley political science professor and *CPR* contributor **Aaron Wildavsky** will participate. Contact: Felicia S. Thomas, editor, *NAS...Update*, 575 Ewing St., Princeton, NJ 08540, 609/683-7878 . . . . The George Washington Society, a group working to unify west coast conservatives, has tentatively scheduled a March 27 meeting in San Francisco. Contact: **Sergio Picchio**, 310/376-4905. CPR

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 2)

matter — the problem is not that some people weren't born here, but that our political policies create problems and until we change those policies (and the philosophies that underlie them), we cannot solve the problems by creating exceptions to the human right to liberty. Your words should be etched in granite somewhere — preferably on the granite foreheads of those who seem always to be searching for excuses to push other people around.

Michael McCarthy
Castro Valley

Major Media Scooped by Quarterly

I liked the account about Dr. Buthelezi (California Chronicles, *CPR,* Summer 1992). Yours was the only place I'd seen it. If I'd known he was coming, I'd have been there. We need stories on how the ANC doesn't represent all South African blacks.

Paul B. Johnson
Thousand Oaks

***Life* Restorative**

Love your magazine. Well written and attractively dressed up with pen and ink drawings that remind me of the old *Life* magazine of the 1920s. I am, as you can guess, a rather senior old grandmother. Keep up the good work!

Mary B. Collins
Laguna Hills

Egregious Bias

Suggestion: On occasion I find the *Los Angeles Times* a bit biased. It might be useful to have a column pointing out some of their more egregious examples.

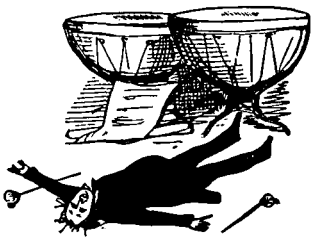
C.R. Mullin
Santa Barbara

Why pick only on the Times? Major media bias is by no means limited to one newspaper. Some sort of "media watch" column is an excellent idea. Unfortunately, we lack the resources to add one now. It is, however, on our short list of future projects.
Editor CPR

Notebook

Let This One Stay Buried

TO HONOR the 201st anniversary of the Bill of Rights, city officials and civic leaders in Los Angeles recently buried a time capsule to be opened in 50 years. In addition to such sundry objects as a #2 pencil was a copy of **Michael Jackson's** "Black and White" video (noted for its graphic sex scenes). Also enclosed was a copy of the Supreme Court's 1973 *Roe v. Wade* decision legalizing abortion which **Justice Byron White** called "an exercise in raw judicial power." No one, apparently, felt it necessary to bury the actual Bill of Rights in the capsule, the Supreme Court having already laid it to rest . . . . Federal **Judge Bruce R. Geernaert** has thrown out the ACLU's attempt to declare the curfew imposed last April during the LA riots unconstitutional. The ACLU argued that the curfew violated the Eighth Amendment ban on "cruel and unusual punishment" for the homeless who were not provided adequate shelter by the city. The judge, noting that it would be impossible to predict what crisis could occur in the future, said he did not want to hinder city leaders facing such emergencies by adding onerous restrictions to the definition of curfew. Three thousand people were arrested for curfew violations last April . . . . Even though **Barbara Boxer** and **Dianne Feinstein** cried publicly before November over the alleged mistreatment of **Anita Hill** by the All Male Senate Judiciary Committee, neither seems interested in accepting a position on that committee despite the urging of **Senator Joseph Biden.** Regarding committee assignments Boxer *has* accepted, **Charles Azar** of Wilmington wrote in a letter to the *Los Angeles Times:* "Boxer, a prolific passer of bad checks in the Congress, is assigned to the Committee on Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs? Am I missing something or does this mean that **Senator Bob Packwood** will soon be retained as a consultant to the National Organization for Women?" . . . . Avocado rancher and computer software executive **Michael Dalton Johnson** of north San Diego County has published the premiere issue of *Slick Times,* a satirical quarterly zeroing in on Bill Clinton. What does Johnson think of President Bill? "That slick, draft-dodging, dope-smoking, no-inhaling, philandering, Elvis-worshiping, Moscow-visiting, special-interest-catering, Big-Mac-loving, henpecked, fork-tongued, Ivy League Lawyer." Oh. The *Times,* costing $17 a year, comes with "Subscriber Impeachment Insurance": If Clinton goes, you get a refund . . . . The *Los Angeles Times* tracked down **Representative Bob Dornan** at his home in Virginia on Clinton Inauguration Day. Why was he not attending the festivities? "I'm sitting here getting an early jump on my income taxes," he quipped. "As much as I love history, I could not physically watch a decorated Navy combat carrier attack pilot passing the torch to a draft dodger ... Maybe I'll watch it in the next day or so. I think the world of George Bush, and I think a lot less of Bill Clinton."



STOCKTON REPUBLICAN **Assemblyman Dean Andal** has introduced legislation that would allow local voters to impose term limits on city council members and county supervisors, an option he calls "long overdue." Andal has also put in a bill to limit the state insurance commissioner to two terms . . . . Parents will be reassured to know that legislation that took effect January 1 will now allow *fourth graders* to be expelled for "sexual harassment" in California schools. "It's a new age," bubbled Attorney-Gone-Mad **Gloria Allred.** "We've spoken out, we've expressed our anger and now we've translated that into law. It shows we are taking this problem seriously." *Seriously?* It's just too bad **Rose Bird** is gone. She'd certainly have found a way to drag some poor nine-year-old before the Supreme Court charged with dipping braids into inkwells and pack him off for life thus proving that, yes, she *was* tough on crime. CPR

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Commentary

Michael Woo's Profitable Morality

LOS ANGELES has joined a growing number of cities boycotting Colorado because the voters of that state made the politically incorrect decision to pass Amendment 2, a ballot initiative banning special civil rights for gays and lesbians. "This sends out a very clear message that we in Los Angeles will not tolerate bigotry based on sexual preference," said Councilman Michael Woo, not mentioning that the Council is also urging the U.S. Conference of Mayors to move its annual conference this year from Colorado Springs to Los Angeles. That would bring in about $1 million in revenue. Selective indignation? Yes, but profitable, and the city has to do something to make up for all the productive people who've decided to boycott L.A. permanently as the city has become increasingly unlivable under the benevolent rule of liberals like Woo. One good thing, the boycott saves taxpayers the expense of sending a dozen or so members of the City Library staff to an upcoming library conference in Denver.

The Conscience of La La Land

THIS COLORADO business is also causing serious soul-searching in La La Land. The Hollywood left, looking deep into their hearts, has found that sacrificing for worthy causes needn't go to extremes. The victory of the Colorado initiative prompted Hollyweird's usual suspects, led by Barbra Streisand, to announce a boycott of their own. But after the initial excitement died down, someone pointed out that, *ahem,* boycotting Colorado meant no more party weekends at Vail or Aspen.

Oh. Well, they said, a few celebrities staying away from the ski resorts wouldn't change the vote. We suppose it really is okay if *we* keep hitting the slopes. But, needless to say, everyone else should cancel their reservations.

This drew some hoots from cynical observers of the glitterati. So Babs, at an ACLU dinner honoring her for a life of left-wing activism and Anita Hill for making up stories, declared anew her intention to avoid the winter wonderland.

At least she sticks to her guns, even though she can always jet off to Stowe or Gstaad or Chile to satisfy her desire for *après*-ski. That's more than you can say about her fellow entertainers. A spokesman (oops, spokesperson) for the Gay and Lesbian Alliance against Defamation (GLAD) was on KFI talking up the boycott. When the call-in show host pressed him to name celebrities honoring the boycott, listeners got a soft-shoe shuffle.

Meanwhile the public has greeted the whole business with giant yawns: Colorado ski resorts report record crowds. Queer Nation no doubt has them all down as homophobes.

A Bright (We Hope) CYR Future

BY THE time this is published, the state convention of the California Young Republicans will have been held and the CYRs will be celebrating both the end of an era of paralysis, infighting, and ineffectiveness in their organization and a new beginning of increased membership and political activism under conservative leadership — at least that's the way it's supposed to turn out. Of course, we also thought the November elections would give us at least a few more Republican congressmen and legislators, so we'll see. In any event, the organizing convention will have taken place January 23 in Riverside under the sponsorship of the Republican Party of California and the watchful eye of its state chairman, Jim Dignan. The Young Republican National Federation asked Dignan to supervise this convention to insure fair voting on new bylaws and officers.

A little background — for years, CYRs have been beset by an anti-conservative faction led by Congressman Bill Thomas of Bakersfield, a man who gazes upon the Republican Party and seems to see a personal playground, intended to amuse and aggrandize him and little more. Lately joined by McGovernite-in-GOP-clothing Tom Campbell, this faction of liberals

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and opportunists has traditionally relied upon ballot box chicanery — allegedly blocking valid delegates from voting, declaring valid new bylaws that appear suddenly without warning and without having been seen or approved by delegates, and so on — to control the organization. Growing weary of this, Max Rayner, Los Angeles County YR chairman, last December appealed to the YR National Federation at their quarterly meeting in Knoxville. Rayner came equipped with more than 400 pages alleging a wide variety of YR rules' violations committed by current self-proclaimed CYR Chairman Julie Gallaher and her cronies. The National group's Executive Board agreed that the CYRs needed a new start. They called the convention, then proclaimed the revolutionary policy of allowing anyone the right to vote who was a registered CYR and who actually attended the convention.

NOW, RAYNER is running for state chairman at the head of a 12-officer candidate slate of conservatives from around the state that is expected to carry the day at the convention. More than 500 attendees are anticipated, including John McGraw, a candidate for state Republican Party vice-chairman at the California

Will Proposition 68 Ride Again?

Charles H. Bell, Jr., and Chris Micheli

THE CALIFORNIA Supreme Court will soon hear a case *(Christopher, et. al., v. FPPC)* seeking to reinstate Proposition 68, the campaign finance reform initiative California voters passed in June 1988. Plaintiffs include several members of California's Commission on Campaign Financing and Common Cause. The lead plaintiff is Secretary of State Warren Christopher.

Voters *also* passed Proposition 73 (another campaign finance reform measure) in 1988. The state Supreme Court ruled that 68 and 73 could not both go into effect (they were "alternative regulatory schemes") and that, because 73 had received more votes, 68 would be laid aside. But then, in 1992, the U.S. Supreme Court let stand a lower court ruling invalidating 73's contribution limits, transfer ban, and carryover money ban. The *Christopher* suit seeks to reinstate all of 68's provisions or, failing that, at least its contribution limitations, arguing that, if 73 was invalid when enacted, it cannot prevail over 68. Since it might come back, 68's provisions are worth a second look. They include:

- a $1,000 limit on personal contributions, a $2,500 limit per election on contributions from "organizations," and a $5,000 limit per election on contributions from Small Contributor Political Action Committees (SCPACs) to legislative candidates or committees formed to support or oppose them,
- further limits on individual, "organization," and SCPAC total contributions to legislative candidates during two-year election cycles,
- limits on political party committee contributions to legislative candidates in general or special runoff elections, and
- a limitation allowing candidates to solicit or accept contributions only during the year they are on the ballot.

Proposition 68 would also give us public financing of legislative campaigns. Taxpayers could earmark up to $3 from their state tax returns for this purpose. Legislative candidates could receive up to $175,000 in public funds, but, in return, they would have to comply with campaign spending limits — $250,000 per general or special election (Assembly), $350,000 (state Senate). But if the Supreme Court's *Christopher* ruling leaves 73's ban on public financing in place, these limits presumably go out the window.

Proposition 68's provisions would substantially — and probably unconstitutionally — infringe the free speech and free association rights of individuals and groups, imposing strict criminal liability for even inadvertent or negligent violations of the Political Reform Act. All committee treasurers (volunteer or paid) and candidates could be subjected to criminal prosecution for merely negligent or inadvertent violations. This criminalization of all violations would drive volunteers out of politics and could cause the political reform law's voluntary compliance system to break down completely.

ALSO, CONSTITUTIONALITY problems loom for 68's draconian bans on political party expenditures and "off-year" campaign contributions. The U.S. Supreme Court struck down a similar ban on political party activity in 1989. And, in 1990 the Florida Supreme Court struck down an off-year contributions ban. Oral arguments in *Christopher* will be made early this year with a decision expected shortly thereafter.

Will 68 return? If the Court rules for Christopher, it could take effect for the '94 elections. It seems more likely, though, that, unless 68 is thrown out completely, the matter will remain mired in litigation, sending confusing signals to candidates, driving more Californians away from politics, and keeping squads of attorneys and accountants busy for years to come. Where would we be without campaign reform? CPR

Charles H. Bell, Jr., the California Republican Party's general counsel, is senior partner of and Chris Micheli is law clerk for the Sacramento political and election law firm of Bell & Hiltachk. The firm filed an amicus brief in this case on behalf of the state Republican Party.

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Sacramento Spectator

Pin-Pulled Hand Grenades

AS YOUR *Spectator* predicted *early* last summer, the Bill Jones "leadership" of the Assembly Republicans did not survive the November elections. The conservative majority in the newly-elected GOP Assembly caucus could not elect their first choice, Dean Andal of Stockton, because he was involved in a recount for one week after the election (he ended up winning by 1,100 votes) and therefore was not officially a member when the leadership selection took place two days after the election. Second choice (and many conservatives' first choice all along) was Jim Brulte of Pomona, who won the post unanimously. The Bill Jones "moderates" had made such a mess of the elections that they didn't even contest any of the leadership spots. Brulte starts with a strong hand.

And he'll need it if he is to battle Assembly Speaker Willie Brown successfully. Brown is up to his usual tricks, rolling pin-pulled hand grenades into the Republican caucus and waiting to see what happens. His most serious challenge involves the ability of the GOP caucus to select its own "lead" members of committees. Republicans named Andal, a tough, savvy conservative, as their lead on the powerful, budget writing Ways and Means Committee. This annoyed Brown, who instead named Whittier's Paul Horcher, who defied, and betrayed, his caucus by accepting.

A BATTLE OF wills commenced that is still going on. All 31 other GOP Assembly members refuse to recognize Horcher's appointment, demanding that Brown name Andal instead. So far, they've refused to deal with Horcher and are setting up an Andal "alternative" Ways and Means leadership. If they stay together on this, enduring Boss Brown's barbs and the tsk-tsking the press will eventually start, they can win this one and set the tone for a successful two year session.

Horcher's willingness to take the position is a story in itself. His two years in the Assembly have set new lows in behavior, a considerable achievement in this town. Seldom refusing a lobbyist's — any lobbyist's — free drink or meal, he reels from bar to bar in the wee hours, hoping for one last "freebie" before "last call." His lack of personal self-control parallels a woeful lack of political principle.

Horcher, known in the Capitol as someone always anxious to make a deal, has no feeling on any issue so strong that he won't consider changing his mind. Telling "Horcher stories" in the "can you top this" vein has become a popular lobbyists's pastime. In addition, Horcher staffers seem to specialize in backbiting and internal feuds — the kind of Republicans who give political hacks a bad name. Boss Brown, who knows the personality types that will roll over for him, naturally zeroed in on Horcher.

IF THE GOP successfully disciplines Horcher, driving him out of the Ways and Means spot, it could begin to restore the effectiveness of legislative Republicans. And of course Horcher might tire of being ridiculed from both sides of the political aisle and search out a face-saving way back into the GOP fold. In the meantime, he is showing himself to be one of the Assembly's least savory members.

And speaking of unsavory, there is the evolution of *California Journal,* the Sacramento-based publication that bills itself as "the" source for news and "insight" into California politics. Begun 20 years ago as a mildly Democrat-leaning news magazine, *Cal Journal* has fallen off the cliff, becoming highly partisan and venomously anti-conservative. Last year's election issues introduced any Republican to the right of Tom Campbell as "ultra" or "far right" or "extreme" and a seething liberal bias saturated every column inch. Now there is talk of starting a competitor, or at least of a *Journal* boycott by Republicans. That would be fine with your *Spectator,* but why not turn *California Political Review* into a monthly? Think about it. In the meantime, *Cal J.'s* spot on the political spectrum is now somewhere out there beyond Cuba and North Korea.

—A.P.C.

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GOP's organizing convention in Sacramento, February 26-28. The battle for the CYRs reproduces on a smaller scale the struggles within the state Republican Party and appears, at press time anyway, to be moving in the same direction — that is, toward the liberal wing losing once more.

Can the State *Avoid* Imposing Value Judgments?

ONE OF *California Political Review's* founding purposes was to provide a platform for conservatives to debate their differences. A few pages further along in this issue, we carry David Horowitz's regular column in which he eloquently describes the almost complete breakdown of civil discourse at Portland State University as he experienced it personally. In the course of this description he makes several points with which I agree and several others with which I disagree. It appears that, with regard to the latter points, now is a good time to hold a small debate.

He says a part of Measure 9, which appeared on Oregon's November ballot, would, if it had passed (it lost resoundingly), have "declared homosexuality 'perverse, unnatural, immoral, and wrong.'" He opposed this because, in his words, "invoking the powers of the state to declare a community immoral [is] a totalitarian agenda and not at all conservative." I'm here concerned only with David's argument and reasoning, not with the ballot measure itself which I haven't read and don't know whether I would have supported or opposed it if I had. But going only on his description, it seems plain that his conclusion does not follow from the situation as he presented it.

First of all, for the state to declare certain actions "perverse" or "wrong" is by no means the unheard of departure he makes it out to be. Every law on the books explicitly encourages or discourages something, declaring, in effect, that some things are "right" — those in harmony with the law — and, inescapably, that other things — those that conflict with the law — are "wrong." Murder, robbery, and rape, for instance, are banned as wrong and, more importantly, punishable by the state. If the laws that ban them lack the gaudy, redundant, explicit language of the Oregon measure, they nonetheless make the same point.

Second, David implies that "homosexuality" and the "community" of homosexuals are one and the same, so that if you say one is "immoral," you have said it of both. But if I say alcoholism destroys people and is therefore perverse and that the world would be a better place without it, I am not, of course, saying that *alcoholics* are perverse and ought to be obliterated. Rather, it seems to me that someone who wanted to see either alcoholics or homosexuals removed from the scene would do everything possible to encourage them in their alcoholism or homosexuality, and certainly would not warn them of the dangers of such behavior.

Later on, David criticizes affirmative action and so-called "gay rights" laws saying that "granting protected species status to women, blacks, Aleutian Islanders, and homosexuals is a way of invoking the power of the state to declare the rest of us (males, whites, recent immigrants, and heterosexuals) immoral, perverse, and wrong, which is the same totalitarian agenda as Measure 9's." So the state, to avoid totalitarianism, must draw no moral distinctions based on race, gender, place of birth, or homosexuality This argument tosses all moral judgments, irrational and rational alike, into one basket marked "off limits" to government. But the injustice of judging a man by color or gender or place of birth does not make all judgment unjust. It does not, for instance, automatically make unjust a judgment on the perversity of homosexuality. The issue is not the propriety of distinguishing right from wrong, as though we could somehow walk away from that difficult task, but the justice and rationality of moral distinctions we cannot avoid making.

IT IS SIMPLY nonsense to pretend that government can do anything without making value judgments. It makes them whenever it does anything and could not avoid making them without ceasing to function. Even imposing David's prescription, were it possible to do so, would itself reflect *and impose* a value judgment — his judgment as to what government ought and what it ought not to do.

To repeat: the real debate is not about whether government should or should not impose value or moral judgments. That is a *non sequitur.* The real debate is about which values and which morals government action will reflect. We must constrict government, but we cannot do so by pretending that we are not imposing our values in the process. And as David found in Oregon, when no one imposes Western ideas about right and wrong, others will impose the morality of barbarism.

— *John Kurzweil*

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The Protracted Conflict *At Home*

Born-Again Oregonianism

'Pig,' 'Lies,' 'Bigot' — Welcome to Portland State University

David Horowitz

BEFORE THE election, I travelled to Oregon to talk about homosexuality and political correctness. I was invited by a group of conservative students at Portland State University who supported Oregon's infamous Measure 9, which, had it passed, would have declared homosexuality "perverse, unnatural, immoral, and wrong." I decided to go to Oregon in order to oppose Measure 9 and to explain to my student hosts that invoking the powers of the state to declare a community immoral was a totalitarian agenda and not at all conservative. By the end of my visit, I felt I had convinced these young conservatives that they had been badly misled by their rightwing elders.

Of course, I had other agendas. Like so many moral issues that divide the nation politically these days, the issue of homosexual rights is often posed in ways that some reasonable citizens will find discomforting. Thus, the Oregon initiative was not an entirely unprovoked aggression against homosexual Americans. It came only after years of aggressive and intrusive political claims by leftwing activists. (While I was there, for example, these activists were busy defending the "right" of homosexuals to cruise public parks and risk spreading AIDS.)

As the sponsors of Measure 9 are quick to stress (however disingenuously), their goal is not to deprive homosexuals of their civil rights, but to prevent them from establishing "special rights" as a designated victim group in the manner of blacks, women, and Aleutian Islanders, a status that would make them eligible for affirmative action preferences and privileges. Thus, the first two clauses of Measure 9 would outlaw affirmative action status for homosexual Americans.

I agree with those clauses. Except that I would extend them to outlaw affirmative action status for blacks, women, and Aleutian Islanders too. A moment's reflection will show that granting protected species status to women, blacks, Aleutian Islanders, and homosexuals is a way of invoking the power of the state to declare the rest of us (males, whites, recent immigrants, and heterosexuals) immoral, perverse, and wrong, which is the same totalitarian agenda as Measure 9's. If we weren't racist homophobes, why would these groups need special protection against us?

In fact, as my trip to Oregon showed, the most endangered species, at least on campuses these days, are conservatives. The university administration had spent the previous year, for example, trying to ban my hosts, the Conservative Student Alliance. The university was restrained from enacting the ban only by the threat of a lawsuit from the Washington-based Center for Individual Rights. My appearance on campus was announced by the student paper with a full page character assassination in which I was portrayed as a "right wing lunatic" and "political moonie." A professor named David Horowitz with whom I had had lunch when I came to Portland State as a radical 20 years earlier, wrote a letter to the editor misrepresenting my views and publicly dissociating himself from me. ("He now reacts to his [radical] past by resorting to hysterical attacks on African-Americans, Arabs, Jewish peace activists and progressives who violate his born-again nationalism and reactionary views.") In completing his own smear, my namesake even lied about my views on Measure 9: "I would be terribly saddened to have my name associated with the desecration of Oregon's tradition of individual liberty that is embodied in Measure 9 ...." Is this born-again Oregonianism?

NO UNIVERSITY official appeared to greet me or to defend publicly my right to speak or to insist on an atmosphere of free inquiry in a place presumably dedicated to the pursuit of learning. But when I entered

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the campus ballroom, I discovered that university officials had decided that it was prudent to provide me with six armed security guards to guarantee my safety. Presumably they knew their students better than I did.

As it turned out, about 20 members of the Bi-Sexual Gay and Lesbian Alliance had positioned themselves across the front rows of the ballroom. The moment I began to speak these activists raised signs over their heads so that I and the audience could see them. The signs said variously, "PIG," "LIES," "BIGOT." Repeated raising of these signs punctuated my talk from beginning to end, with no intervention by the security guards in attendance or by the university administrators who had come to check out the scene.

I managed to get through my presentation, despite the distractions, though it was hardly the reflective and nuanced lecture I would have been able to give in a less tense and troubling atmosphere, never really knowing what was going to happen next. At one point, when I referred to politically correct attitudes that prevented AIDS education from being specific about transmission through anal sex, an activist stood up and shrieked: "He's killing women! He's killing women!" He meant that I had implied there was no vaginal transmission of AIDS (which I had not); but his intention, like that of his cohorts, was to prevent my thoughts from being given a reflective hearing. And I believe they were pretty successful at that.

The following day, the headline in the campus paper was "Conservative Advocate Bashed Boldly," making the point that it was audacious and admirable to destroy the possibility of public dialogue on a university campus.

I was not intimidated by my experience at Portland State. After all, unlike the students I left behind, I am out of reach of the communal sanctions available to the Portland State radicals and their supporters in the university administration. If invited again, I certainly would go back.

BUT MY experience at Portland State has made me angry. I am not angry at the gay and lesbian students who obstructed my talk, and who do their cause no service by behaving like political thugs. I am angry at the university administrators who have abandoned their students, both the conservative ones and those who find themselves in the political middle. These students will most certainly be intimidated in the future from expressing their confusions, their questions, and their political dissents.

The administrators at Portland State have betrayed the trust of their students as well as their profession by turning over the university to the forces of ignorance and prejudice, while giving up the battle for reasoned inquiry and intellectual debate. For this betrayal, they will not be forgiven. CPR

The Price of Socialism

'Civil Rights' Turned Upside Down

Affirmative Corruption and Gloria Allred's War on Single-Sex Health Clubs

Harold Johnson

"CIVIL RIGHTS" has become a thoroughly debased concept in this country. It used to mean giving everybody an equal break regardless of color or gender. Today, it means special privileges for a chosen few, the luckier members of politically-anointed minority groups — along with the rich white folk who know how to work the system. An example comes from Las Vegas's McCarran International Airport. Federal rules force airports to offer special opportunities for "disadvantaged business enterprises," firms owned by minorities or women. Clever non-minority-owned companies have been able to scarf these goodies by bringing in blacks, Hispanics, or women as "partners" in positions that sometimes amount to no more than front-office decoration. At McCarran, county officials selected World

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Wide Rent-A-Car to operate a $1.1 million business at the airport. World Wide claims it is owned by two women, Glynde White and Andrea Ondrusek. But now the federal Department of Transportation isn't so sure. The agency has challenged the choice of World Wide on three grounds, according to the *Las Vegas Review-Journal:* "(1) the women invested no money of their own in the business; (2) the women's roles comport more to those of employees than employers; and (3) the venture is underwritten by Angelo Falconi, who owns two Las Vegas auto dealerships and holds 48 percent of World Wide stock."

FALCONI DOESN'T qualify for privileged minority status, of course. He's merely an Italian. Indeed, it seems he tried on his own for six years to get an airport franchise without success. His luck changed only when he was able to produce some women "owners." A similar tale from Los Angeles International Airport involved Host International, an airport concessionaire. Host asked the Mexican-American Legal Defense Fund (MALDEF) a few years back to recommend some possible minority partners. Did MALDEF suggest needy members of the Hispanic business community? No, the group put Host in touch with two L.A. City Council members who, in turn, recommended some prominent, and prosperous, political operatives.

Around the country, the story is the same. Affirmative-action schemes supposedly designed to nourish struggling minority businesses have become juice bars for an "in" crowd. That's inevitable of course. Get rid of cost and merit as the determinants of who gets government plums and you have an embossed invitation for corruption.

But that's not all. In many cases, civil rights doctrine has become so warped — and so tyrannical — that it not only fails those it's supposed to serve, it actually harms them, *denying* them their basic rights. The *Orange County Register* recently reported that the state has forced several all-women gyms in Orange County to open their membership to men.

A victory for freedom? Tell it to Shaina Toppo, a 24-year-old from Tustin who's a member of one of those spas. She told the *Register's* Laura-Lynne Powell that the co-ed gym she used to belong to wasn't her scene. She hated being ogled when she was exercising, and she didn't have much in common with women who arrived at the club coiffed-to-kill. "It was more like a pickup place than a gym," she said.

For some members of all-women gyms, a serious work-out means avoiding the distractions of the opposite sex. Others, struggling toward a smaller dress size, don't relish waging the fight while on display. "A woman who is 40 pounds overweight doing doggie kicks on the floor is not in a socially appropriate position," said Rae Elston, general manager of Nautilus Plus for Women. "Why should she have to do this in front of men?" Why? Because of the fanaticism of self-styled civil libertarians, activists who aim not to expand liberty but to curtail it, by foisting on the rest of us their own notions of how to live.

After reading the story on spas, I called feminist lawyer Gloria Allred, who pioneered litigation in California against single-sex health clubs (and single-sex practically everything else). Stamping out all-women gyms is right and good, she told me. "There are no exceptions to the civil rights laws. No one should be barred from any business establishment on an arbitrary basis." How does she answer women like Shaina Toppo who don't want to pant and perspire in mixed company? "There are no exceptions to civil rights law," Ms. Allred repeated. Well, then, what about those health clubs — like Bally's Holiday Spa in the City of Orange — that set aside certain days for men and other days for women? They're breaking the law, Ms. Allred responded. "That amounts to separate but equal, and I don't have any patience with separate but equal."

Hmmm. Just how far does her argument go? Are single-sex steam baths also illegal? What about single-sex bathrooms in business establishments? Allred finesses those questions, saying no one has ever raised them in court or before a regulatory body. Maybe not, but they still follow very clearly from her own logic.

DID I SAY logic? The anti-discrimination authoritarians use precious little of that when they imply the owner of a gym for women (or one for men) is morally equivalent to Lester Maddox barring blacks from his chicken restaurant. It is California's poorly crafted civil rights statute, the Unruh Act, that makes this legal havoc possible. Broadly written and expansively interpreted by the courts, it is easily used as a bludgeon by people with a perpetual chip on their shoulder, who like lashing out at society, but who also like to feel righteous about their rage.

As a result, in civil-rights law, absurdity is in the saddle. Are Americans more free when we're denied the liberty to chum around with members of our own gender in harmless social pursuits, or in the pursuit of a trimmed-down bod?

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Gloria Allred's war on single-sex gyms and similar "discriminatory" enterprises shows how we've cheapened the once-proud concept of civil rights. It's no longer about the moral dignity of the individual, regardless of color or creed. Today it's about muscling everyone into the liberal cultural agenda, entrusting everyone, whether they like it or not, to "progressive" social engineers. At its most ridiculous, civil rights now means the God-given liberty of men to look on as overweight women do knee bends and stomach crunches. Was that really what Martin Luther King meant by "I have a dream"? CPR

The Private Sector

Bunnie Rabbit, Winnie, and the Grand Plan

The Most Constricting Scarcities Are Those of Character and Personality

William R. Allen

WITH THEIR uncertainties and fears and aspirations, people do much fretting and flailing. It is a hard world, to be sure. The best things in life may be free, but the multitude of second-best things are costly. So we work and save and plan — and we compete, struggling with one another as well as with stingy nature. And in our scheming and striving and struggling, the veneer of civilization is worn very thin. The veneer is worn completely through at times and in places, exposing our greed and gaucherie and petty preoccupations.

A vastly more attractive and assuring aspect of being is provided by furry friends. I have been blessed with companionship of my rabbit, Bunnie, and my dog, Winnie. Bunnie had to leave me some while ago; and now Winnie, too, has gone.

Both little Bunnie — she of the dainty face and long ears and button tail and velvet coat — and dear Winnie — pretty and cute and sweet and nice — like the lilies of the field, neither spun nor sowed. They directly contributed nothing to gross domestic product. They were consumers, not producers, absorbing a bit of the world's scarce resources and returning nothing — nothing but an example of poise and patience and grace and affection.

The poet assures us that they also serve who only stand and wait. Presumably, we shall never fully comprehend the Grand Plan of the Universe. But much of what we can suspect and infer is to be gained — if we are willing to learn — from the humble likes of Bunnie and Winnie. While people meanly scheme and worriedly strive and struggle, the Bunnies and the Winnies seem instinctively to have found their role and purpose. And they play their part with an innate dignity and beauty of nature which should humble us.

There are many ways in which we can do ourselves in, individually and collectively, and the human race has worked assiduously to discover and utilize them all. Occasionally, a Shakespeare, a Rembrandt, or a Beethoven reminds us of our angelic heritage. We have laboriously accumulated some successes of medicine and mechanics. And a few of the world's peoples have grudgingly permitted some experimentation in social arrangements of freedom and individualism which can ease the pains and constrictions of our plight of scarcity. But it is not surprising that progress in reclaiming our heritage is, at best, slow and unsure, for it is perversely protested and opposed by most. Unlike the Bunnies and Winnies — the supposed lesser of God's creatures — people persist in rejecting their role and subverting their purpose.

CERTAINLY, IT is a world of scarcity. But the scarcity is not confined to iron ore and arable land. The most constricting scarcities are those of character and personality. All our cleverness and wit, all our tools and technology, will leave us poor, indeed, a disgrace in the eyes of the Deity, as long as we lack the goodness and grace and gentility of Bunnie Rabbit and Winnie. CPR

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The Decade of the Great Republican Death Wish

In the early '80s, Republicans were the party of ideas with the issues, the voters, and the future on their side. Conrad cartoons pictured the Democrat donkey not as a vanishing species, but as already extinct. But through assiduous effort, in ten short years the GOP has managed to annihilate its advantages, destroy its coalition, and restore the donkey to health and power.

by John Kurzweil

"What all the wise men promised has not happened, and what all the damned fools predicted has come to pass."
— Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's First Prime Minister

REASON MAGAZINE used to send out (and for all I know, still does) a subscription solicitation posing the question: "How much of what you know is wrong?" An old political hand and friend of mine to whom I repeated the question answered, without hesitation, "considering what I know, I hope most of it." As one of those damn fools, those cavemen, those nincompoops (as so many wise men named us) who predicted Republican disaster following the abandonment of Ronald Reagan's formula for conservative politics by Pete Wilson, George Bush, and even by Reagan himself too often during his presidency, I admit I hoped that what I at least *thought* I knew *was* wrong. For instance, in late summer 1991, after the $8 billion exercise in "pragmatism" that even Wilson himself now calls a "mistake," I hoped I was overstating matters when I wrote the following. Alas, I was not.

> The tax issue has been taken off the board as a GOP weapon against Democrats in California. *They* emerged fully willing and able to continue bashing Wilson and his Party as water carriers for fat cats, as insensitive to the plight of the poor, the downtrodden, and so forth. Wilson's compromises, meanwhile, implicitly conceded much of the Democrats' arguments while making it almost impossible to re-focus the political debate on the policy question between bloated government and the right of the people to keep what they earn. Who will believe a Republican candidate playing that tune now? A campaign theme of first-term Assemblyman Paul Horcher last year was that Horcher would be the "last" Republican to vote for a tax increase. After he gave the governor's budget its 54th "aye" vote to put it over the top, former supporters in his San Gabriel Valley district may be comforted to know that Horcher is a man of his word.

In addition, Wilson's Party — its office holders, the members of its Central Committee, its volunteer organizations, its statewide membership — is split down the middle, and not over some transitory quibble but over an issue that goes to the heart of the GOP's motivating and defining idea. Wilson has opened a Republican War of the Roses that promises to be long, vicious, and characterized by inconclusive outcomes .... For a while at least, California Republican politics is likely to be characterized more by internecine blood-letting than by attacks on the Democrats. What cause or leader remains to rally and unify the troops? Wilson's early months in office have defined him in many Republican minds not as their

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champion against the common enemy but as the leader of a faction within the Party determined to smash his internal opponents while compromising with Democrats.

As I WRITE, word comes that Speaker Willie Brown has named Horcher top Republican on the powerful Assembly Ways and Means Committee, ignoring the GOP caucus's choice for the post, Dean Andal, and showing once more that Brown knows something about exploiting his adversaries' weaknesses. And as the November elections proved, the California Republican Party is, if anything, even more confused about its purpose and, thus, incapable of unifying or winning than I

thought it was. What I knew *was* wrong: I underestimated the damage Wilson had done.

Of course, Wilson did not act alone. The November 1992 catastrophe was the work of many hands. It began building shortly after 1980, the year the Republican Party seemed on the verge of sweeping all before it. I recall a Paul Conrad cartoon from that time showing a series of skeletons, as in an archeological museum, the first two or three bearing labels such as "Tyrannosaurus," "Brontosaurus," and "Triceratops." The last extinct skeleton — a donkey — was labeled "Democratic Party." One of Reagan's earliest and bitterest foes, Conrad accurately conveyed the mood of the time.

In 1980, Republicans had taken not only the White House and the U.S. Senate but, much more important, the GOP had captured the imagination of the country. Republicans were people with ideas and the competence to get things done. They were the party of the future, of optimism about that future and about an America whose best days were ahead, not behind, as Carter and the rest of the Democrats seemed to think. Even beyond our borders, the whole world seemed suddenly to be moving toward freedom and democracy, toward, that is, an emulation of America — and not the Democrats' America mired in malaise and self-doubt, but the Republicans' free, booming, optimistic, *conservative* America. Coming only six years after Watergate, five years after the fall of Saigon, and immediately after the Carter era's malaise and retreat from the world, this transformation, and the accomplishment it represented, was monumental. The Democrats' popular base had disintegrated. Their hold on power was institutional, secured through unelected judges, gerrymanders, and the advantages of incumbency, all of which would decay with the passage of time. The issues, the ideas, the voters, and, thus, the future belonged to the GOP, and even Conrad knew it.

What he didn't know, and what liberals never seem able to grasp, is what had brought about the change. Reagan's election as president capped a 16-year career of dumbfounding one establishment political figure after another, from George Christopher and William Penn Patrick (in California's 1966 GOP gubernatorial primary) to Pat Brown, Jesse Unruh, and Jimmy Carter (and, later, Walter Mondale), all of whom wrote him off as a lightweight right-wing ideologue, and an actor to boot, and all of whom were amazed, bitter, and uncomprehending (with the possible exception of Unruh) after he trounced them in elections they felt they could not lose. The key to understanding the 28-year rise and fall of the state and national Republican Party, from 1964 to 1992 — and to its resurgence, if it is to have one — lies in the at-once obvious and, yet, to so many inexplicable and vexing popularity and success of Ronald Wilson Reagan.

THROUGHOUT HIS political career, Reagan kept a small plaque on his desk bearing the inscription: "There is no limit to what a man can do or where he can go if he doesn't mind who gets the credit." I was reminded of this sentiment during the 1991 budget battles when I asked Dan Schnur of the governor's staff about the charge that Wilson was thinking more about running for president than about governing California or leading the state Party. Schnur answered that if Wilson wanted to be president, he was smart enough to know he would have to be a successful governor, neatly reversing, I thought, the point of Reagan's plaque: *there is no limit to the credit a man can claim if he doesn't mind doing a little good along the way.*

This Wilson version of the saying sets matters out much more in keeping with the preferences of most pol-

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iticians of either party. It restores Wilson, Wilson's interests and Wilson's ambitions, to the center of the equation. This is the language modern politicos understand. What made Reagan so baffling to the insiders, and simultaneously so appealing to the voters, was the (for a politician) revolutionary notion that something, some interest, exists in the world besides his own colossal ego. Even more, Reagan's saying actually implies that the impulse to put oneself first, not only in politics but in any endeavor, is the chief barrier to getting things done. If you want to accomplish something, first free yourself from the narrow confines of your own selfish ego and the limits will be off. The reactions of the professionals encountering this strange man with this bizarre notion are invariably hilarious. Their mouths drop open. After a moment they commence pouring forth condescending drivel, displaying a complete inability to comprehend the simple thing Reagan is about along with an air of supreme superiority and disdain. Lyn Nofziger relates a characteristic instance in his autobiography, *Nofziger:*

> My memories of the 1966 campaign start with my talk with Bill Roberts after coming back from an early trip with Reagan. "There's something out there," I said. "I don't know

Jacobin "Moderation" and the Great Republican Death Wish

THE CENTERPIECE of the "moderate" plan to save the Republican Party is the banishment of religion, especially the Christian religion, and, worst of all, invocations of the authority of God, from our politics lest we violate America's tradition of pluralism and fatally compromise the Republican Party's defining dedication to individual freedom. This ignores, of course, the fact that the roots of both American pluralism and our respect for freedom *are* religious, and that without religion — specifically Western civilization's Judeo-Christian moral code and tradition — we would enjoy *neither* our pluralism *nor* our freedom. The effort not only to separate but to place at odds religion and freedom has led to a more or less schizophrenic demand that religion be banned, in effect, because our Judeo-Christian tradition of tolerance demands it. This undermining of the very principle invoked thus serves neither freedom nor religion but, perversely, opens the door to tyranny (and, incidentally, the abolition of the GOP).

Religion has been *the* central force throughout Western history advancing the freedom and interests of the individual against tyranny, as the so-called moderates deprecating it now would learn if they bothered looking into a history book once in awhile, or maybe just read a speech or two by Abraham Lincoln, a man Tom Campbell would hound out of the party. The matter was discussed eloquently by John Courtney Murray — a "gasp!" Jesuit priest — in *We Hold These Truths: Catholic Reflections on the American Proposition* (1960):

> The first truth to which the American Proposition makes appeal is stated in that landmark of Western political theory, the Declaration of Independence. It is a truth that lies beyond politics; it imparts to politics a fundamental human meaning. I mean the sovereignty of God over nations as well as over individual men. This is the principle that radically distinguishes the conservative Christian tradition of America from the Jacobin laicist tradition of Continental Europe. The Jacobin tradition proclaimed the autonomous reason of man to be the first and the sole principle of political organization. In contrast, the first article of the American political faith is that the political community, as a form of free and ordered human life, looks to the sovereignty of God as to the first principle of its organization.
>
> In the Jacobin tradition religion is at best a purely private concern, a matter of personal devotion, quite irrelevant to public affairs. Society as such, and the state which gives it legal form, and the government which is its organ of action are by definition agnostic or atheist. The statesman as such cannot be a believer, and his actions as a statesman are immune from any imperative or judgment higher than the will of the people, in whom resides ultimate and total sovereignty (one must remember that in the Jacobin tradition 'the people' means 'the party'). This whole manner of thought is altogether alien to the authentic American tradition.

THE JACOBIN mode is the traditional mode of the tyrannical left precisely because, when God is dead, no authority remains to prohibit or to permit any practice. The lid is off. That is why anti-religion is advanced so strongly by such left-wing entities as the American Civil Liberties Union, People for the American Way, and, since 1972 especially, those who pull the strings in the national Democrat Party. It is a suicidal position for Republicans and, for that matter, Americans to assume, as last November's elections attest. The Republican Party came into being precisely because no party, at the time, was standing against the Jacobin relativism that proclaimed some men slaves and some free, implicitly denying the authority of God invoked by Jefferson when he wrote that "all men are *created* equal." This *religious* proposition is the *sine qua non* of the Republican Party. Without it, the Party serves no purpose and will, therefore, cease to exist.

— John Kurzweil

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what it is but there's something between Reagan and the people. He's going to be elected governor and someday he might even be president."

Bill looked at me pityingly with his big bulgy blue eyes. He must have wondered what kind of a naive nut he had hired.

"Oh Lyn," he remarked, "what will the poor soul do if he's ever elected governor!"

It was easy to see that Reagan had never inspired any great feeling of confidence in Bill Roberts. Bill was a good day-to-day campaign manager, as good as anyone I've ever known, maybe better. But like a lot of moderate Republicans he looked on Reagan as a not very smart right-wing actor.

Rather than try to extinguish the Republican firestorm his budget deal had set off, Wilson launched a demolition campaign of breathtaking persistence and thoroughness against his own power base.

How many times down the years would such scenes be repeated by the George Christophers, Pat Browns, and Jimmy Carters, the John Searses, the Bakers (both Jim and Howard), and Richard Darmans, by countless grizzled old veteran reporters and editors in report after report and editorial after editorial, by captains of industry, heads of unions, Czars of this or that vast bureaucracy, learned professors and distinguished citizens of every stripe and variety: always the same initial astonishment at this weird spectacle, Reagan, and then the same dumb, uncomprehending condescension. All of them endlessly talking, in public, about the central importance of the common good and the need for selfless public servants, all equally certain in private that that is the last thing anybody really wants, and then aghast when a man actually appears trying, imperfectly and falteringly but nonetheless sincerely trying, to consider something besides himself in the course of his public duties. It is as if Diogenes, coming finally to the end of his age-long search for an honest man, unexpectedly stumbles across him but then, rather than rejoicing, instead bursts out laughing and wanders off shaking his head at the poor fool's doddering naivete and irrelevance.

THE IMPLICATION of Schnur's answer regarding Wilson's presidential ambitions was that no contradiction existed between the interests of the people and those of the governor. Of course Wilson would do his best for everyone; what better way to advance toward his presidential goal? But, on the contrary, Western political history is almost exclusively a story of the inherent conflict between the interests of the ruled and those of the rulers. Most of what is generally considered political progress during the last, say, 1,000 years has consisted of taming the appetite of those in power for treating public office as personal property. Reagan repeatedly distinguished between the presidency and individual presidents, underscoring the Western conception of the ruler as one entrusted by the people with *authority,* not personal power, to be exercised in *their* name and in *their* interest. The struggle to establish and maintain this distinction has a long history: from Magna Charta to the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, to the Civil War, to all the political battles of the horrific twentieth century over communism, fascism, nazism, socialism, and all the other spin-off, odd-ball "isms" they have spawned, to the continual growth of state power and the parallel shrinkage of individual freedom and self-reliance, all under the appropriately dishonest label of "liberalism," the issue has always and everywhere been: will the people or their governors be served? Will government function to serve the common good, or will it tyrannically subjugate the people to serve the narrow interests and ambitions of those in power?

For Pete Wilson this issue arose dramatically with the 1991 budget battle. The day he became governor, Wilson walked into a monumental struggle that had raged for decades between the left, whose vision is of government growing ever larger the better, they say, to solve all of life's problems, and those who see government as the chief danger both to freedom and to getting anything constructive done. Wilson, appraising the situation from the point of view not of one who sees himself primarily as the people's agent but rather as a man whose main concern is his desire to be president, found taking up the Republican side in this battle neither convenient nor helpful. He chose to compromise with the Democrats because, just as George Bush had concluded in Washington the year before, he saw that his personal interest lay in clearing this particular item off his desk as quickly as possible. He would then, he thought, be able to turn to matters more to his liking. The myopia of politicians who think first of their personal objectives and only secondarily, as an afterthought, of governing

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well can be gauged by the fact that both Bush and Wilson were probably genuinely astounded at the uproar brought on by their cavalier behavior. Even the *Los Angeles Times'* George Skelton, a man for whom conventional wisdom is more or less all there is, recently noticed that what all the wise men promised back in '91 about the advantages of pragmatism has not happened. "It was never supposed to be this way," Skelton wrote, surveying the mire rising ever higher toward the governor's throat. Reverting to form, though, Skelton then counsels yet more public relations fluff as the way out of trouble for Pete Wilson — strike an upbeat pose, compromise a little with the left, throw a bone or two to the right, avoid looking too doctrinaire either way.

THAT, OF course, is how Wilson got *into* trouble. The governor seems to believe his difficulties are essentially nothing more than a combination of bad public relations and the obstructionism of jealous Republican rivals. His administration has consisted mainly of a series of P.R. forays portraying him as the guy who can cut through the politics to get things done alongside a private war to cleanse the state Party by destroying those he sees as opponents within it. The millions of Californians who voted for him (especially those thousands of Republicans who worked diligently to elect him) in the naive hope he might address some of *their* concerns once in office now see how small a role they play in his calculations and his public approval ratings plummet. Ignoring all this, however, Wilson plows forward as always. Rather than try to extinguish the firestorm his '91 budget deal set off, for instance, Wilson launched a demolition campaign of breathtaking persistence and thoroughness against his own power base:

- orchestrating a divisive takeover of the Assembly GOP caucus,
- sustaining, even escalating, the ongoing war of words against his Party's conservative base, particularly its religious contingent and their concerns over social issues,
- naming a proven loser with no constituency (but nonetheless a good Wilson man) to his unexpired Senate term,
- draining off millions of dollars of Republican campaign funds contesting primary elections last year in a hopeless, divisive effort to reshape the Assembly caucus in his own image,
- launching a lone wolf campaign to pass a Welfare and Governor's Power Enhancement initiative without checking, as usual, to see if, one, any substantial support for the idea existed or, two, it might backfire by stimulating people to register and vote who stood to lose under its provisions (welfare recipients, for instance), diverting, in the process, another $3 million that might have gone to GOP candidates,
- skipping his own Party's pre-election convention — perhaps his crowning achievement — again spotlighting divisions over social issues (Wilson disliked the mildly prolife language in the new state Party platform) rather than ignoring the relatively trivial issue of the platform and instead using the convention to crow about having taken on and, in significant ways, beaten the Democrats during the 1992 budget battle ("Had he done that," Assemblyman Gil Ferguson told me, "he could have ridden 'round the floor on the delegates' shoulders"), and
- spending yet more election campaign dollars in November on Wilsonite Republican long-shot candidates who lost resoundingly while conservatives were losing close races around the state.

What accounts for such persistent destructiveness directed against one's own party, which is to say, ultimately, against oneself? David Horowitz confronted a similar mystery surveying the vast misery and waste leftism creates wherever it goes but which never seems to deter, or even seems to be noticed by, the leftists themselves who relentlessly persevere always proclaiming their one goal to be the good of all humanity.

"I realized," he writes, "that the reason the Idea is so hard to give up [for all its destructiveness] is that a radical faith is like any other faith: It is not a matter of politics but of self.

"The moment I gave up my radical beliefs was the moment I had to look at myself for the very first time. At *me*. As I really was — not suspended above everyone else as an avatar of their salvation but standing beside them as an equal, as one of *them*. Not one whom History had chosen for its vanguard but a speck of ordinary human dust."

I suppose, I hope anyway, that Pete Wilson would blush to think of himself as one whom History had cho-

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sen for its vanguard. But his problem is nonetheless the same. The implication of seeing oneself as a speck of ordinary human dust is that all the other specks are every bit as important as, and perhaps in some cases even more important than, oneself. Their lives, their hopes, their interests, therefore, all should be taken into account, especially by one who exercises great power. But this, as we've seen, would distract Wilson from his personal agenda. More importantly, however, it would bring him back down to earth, forcing him to see himself as, again in Horowitz's words, "just a drop in the flow to the common oblivion. Mortal, insignificant, inconceivably small."

THIS IS what real life as an ordinary human being looks like from the perspective of pride: insignificant, inconceivably small. It is the image liberals have of conservatives, which is to say, of people who try to live in the real world rather than in liberalism's egocentric fantasyland. It accounts for their automatic condescension regarding Reagan and all conservatives. And it is Wilson's trouble with conservatism.

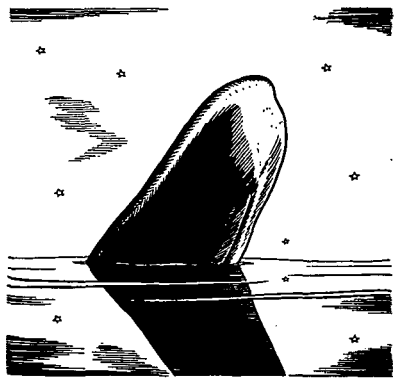
But to conservatives, especially Reagan, real life is not at all insignificant. Rather, it is egomania that shrinks one's world to the point of oblivion. If we can just forget about "getting the credit," our eyes will be opened to the world of actual existence. And we will find that it is not such a bad place to live in after all. Nofziger's book recounts a joke Reagan often told which, Nofziger says,

> whether or not he knew it, epitomized his own attitude. It was about two little boys — twins — one of whom was a terrible pessimist, the other a confirmed optimist. Their parents called in a child psychiatrist to see if he could bring more balance into their lives.
>
> To cure the pessimist the psychiatrist took him into a roomful of new toys and told him, "They are all yours." The boy burst out crying and, when asked why, wept that the toys might break or be lost or someone might steal them. Nothing could comfort him.
>
> The psychiatrist then took the other twin into a room piled high with horse manure. The kid let out a joyful whoop and began burrowing into the pile. When he was asked what he was doing he replied, "With all this manure, there has to be a pony in here somewhere."
>
> Reagan is like that kid. He always figures there's a pony in there somewhere.

Those considering Reagan and his rapport with the people often stop at this point: that he exudes optimism and the American people like that, but this is only the beginning of the answer. It ignores the obvious question: optimism about what? Reagan's optimism is mainly an intense, undiminished good feeling about this nation, its history, its institutions, its people, and even its future. It is, essentially, an optimism about the American idea, which is that it is better to live in the real world, shouldering its burdens, accepting its challenges, sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing, but always going on, than it is to quit, seeking excuses for failure while sinking into delusion, toward slavery and death. Reagan retained America's traditional optimism about real life, which is what a lot of people have lost who, for that reason, cannot understand him or his appeal. It is a good measure, for that matter, of the degree to which pessimism has taken hold that Reagan's idea — the idea that motivated most of the men and women who founded this country — should seem weird, obtuse, and incomprehensible to most of those running it today. George Bush, with his talent for encapsulation, called it "the vision thing," displaying for the ages the sheer bewilderment that optimism about anything beyond ego inspires in most politicians for whom public life long ago ceased being about anything more than piling up credits — resume points — to provide a springboard for the next career leap.

That succumbing to this fantasy is suicidal, quickly for Republicans, more slowly, but no less surely, for America, was demonstrated by the collapse of the Republican majority that began almost immediately after Reagan's 1980 election to the presidency.

REAGAN'S FIRST year in office was one of stunning change and victory for the people, crowned by the amazing spectacle of Congress actually passing a 25 percent tax cut, just as though something besides their own power actually mattered. The cut, in effect, really only repealed part of the massive tax increases of the Jimmy Carter years. Even so, the result of this relatively minor vote of confidence in America's heritage of freedom proved so powerful, like water in the desert, that it set off a seven-year economic boom. Of vastly greater importance, however, is that it set the tone for the nation — Reagan's



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Conservative Advances Of 1992

If the Election Was So Bad For Conservatives, Why is Willie Brown Spitting Nails?

by

CHRISTOPHER SHELTON

In spite of the general GOP wreckage covering the political landscape after last November's election, conservatives are much better off in California as 1993 dawns then we were just one year ago. First and foremost, the idea that Pete Wilson will be able to "reshape" the Republican Party into his own moderate and issueless image is shattered.

As we'll talk about further on, Wilson's agenda for 1993 and 1994 needs to be personal survival, not party purges. In order to have any chance at survival he will need to leave to others (Tom Campbell comes to mind) his crusade of cleansing all trace of morals, ethics, or philosophy from the GOP. Wilson desperately needs the support of the Republican rank and file. Even those who might be old fashioned enough actually to believe that "ideas have consequences," and that the Reagan/Bush/Deukmejian successes were a result of firm stands on (gasp!) ideology.

In addition to Wilson being preoccupied with saving his own skin and thereby having less time to "remake the Republican Party as if 1964 never happened" (an actual quote from a highly placed Wilsonite), conservatives can take heart that there are six to eight new aggressive conservatives in the Assembly (the exact number will be clearer after we've seen them in action for awhile). Bernie Richter and Larry Bowler in the Sacramento area, Kathleen Honeycutt from the high desert, Bill Hoge from Pasadena, Ray Haynes from Riverside, Curt Pringle from Orange County and Bill Morrow from San Diego are all new conservative voices in the lower chamber. They join stalwart holdovers like Pat Nolan, Ross Johnson, Mickey Conroy, Dick Mountjoy, Paula Boland, Andrea Seastrand and Dean Andal to form the enriched uranium of conservative thought, ideas and action in the state Legislature. (The state Senate, for now, is a hopeless case.)

The first item of business of the newly elected GOP Assembly members was to bounce out of office Bill Jones and his pro-Wilson moderate team of Assembly GOP "leaders." These new conservative legislators are a group of exceptionally talented and savvy conservatives. With the guidance and experience of the conservative greybeards, they will have an immediate impact.

The new Assembly Republican leader is Jim Brulte from the Ontario-Pomona area. Brulte is an astute tactician, who combines a strongly conservative philosophy with an affable personal manner that allows him to negotiate even thorny matters successfully. It is often not appreciated how much personalities take precedence over substance when the "nitty gritty" of negotiations take place in Sacramento. In addition to his own skills, Brulte has assembled around him close advisors such as Ross Johnson, Dick Mountjoy, and Pat Nolan, all of whom have track records of successful operations against the Democrats — both frontal attacks and guerrilla operations.

Assembly speaker Willie Brown has shown he agrees that Brulte and his team have the capacity of being effective — Brown has been vindictive, petty, and tyrannical (even for him!) in dealing with the new GOP leadership. What Brown fears most is a principled, effective Republican leadership. His arrogance and lack of cooperation with Brulte, *et. al.*, is all the confirmation Republicans should need that they made the right decision for leader.

Christopher Shelton is the pseudonym of a long-time observer of California politics.

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Additionally, the Bill Jones moderate team were so discredited after the election results that Brulte was elected without opposition. For now, he has a more united caucus than any leader has had since the early Nolan leadership days of 1984-85. (And don't forget that the unity and drive of the early Pat Nolan leadership culminated with the GOP gaining three assembly seats in the 1986 elections.)

Of the freshmen Assembly members elected, three — Kathleen Honeycutt, Bill Hoge, and Curt Pringle — show exceptional promise. Honeycutt, as an extremely articulate (and attractive, I add hesitantly in these days of PC) and bright conservative woman will bring welcome assistance to the sometimes lonely battles fought by Paula Boland and Andrea Seastrand. These three savvy conservative ladies (and they are "ladies" in the best and truest sense of that word) can be exceptionally effective in battle both against Willie Brown and the Wilsonite women who want to make acceptance of lesbianism and taxpayer funded abortion on demand a litmus test for entrance into the Wilson "big tent."

Conservative Republicans should have only one message for Jim Dignan: 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

Bill Hoge is a longtime conservative activist from the Los Angeles area. He has spent a great deal of time laboring in the conservative vineyards, working for electoral victories and building the structural components, such as unified, effective volunteer organizations, necessary to win both long- and short-term victories. Hoge has been active in helping groups like Young Americans for Freedom and the California Republican Assembly, having served as CRA president in 1990. So he brings to the Assembly a strong understanding of and appreciation for grass roots conservative politics, along with a quick mind and wit, and a willingness to use them aggressively against foes. Hoge will likely emerge in the forefront of "point men" willing to fight "in the trenches" on the Assembly floor and in electoral campaigns around the state.

Orange County's Curt Pringle isn't really a freshman, having served one term in the Assembly from 1988 to 1990. He was then defeated in his heavily Democrat district by Democrat Tom Umberg, but redistricting provided a new district ideally suited for his comeback last year. Pringle combines rock-ribbed conservatism, experience in the "real world" (he owns a small business), and a keen understanding of the ins and outs of legislative strategy that will be invaluable in floor fights with Speaker Brown. Because he has been in the Assembly and stood for re-election before, and has seen the best (or worst) Brown can throw at a candidate, Pringle is immediately a great help to the Brulte leadership and to other conservative freshmen. He has the brains, experience, and personality to be an excellent "shepherd" for the newcomers.

Nothing written above should be interpreted as denigrating any of the Republican freshmen not mentioned. As a whole, this freshmen class is the strongest and best since the "Proposition 13 Babies" of 1978. Term limits and redistricting combined to create a group of candidates who by and large were older, more mature, and more private sector oriented than most freshmen classes of the past 15 years. They are, as a group, bright, well read, tough, and right of center. Bad news both for Willie and, though it ought to be otherwise, Wilson. Good news for California.

IN ADDITION, conservative successes in the June primary elections insure that at least on balance, we have a working majority on the GOP State Central Committee. That's the good news. The bad news is that the incoming state chairman, Tirso del Junco, is a soft touch for Wilson. Conservatives, for reasons that baffled this writer at the time, supported del Junco for vice chairman two years ago. To his credit, del Junco never hid his willingness to follow Pete Wilson's every directive.

Perhaps del Junco's general personal conservatism led some conservatives to hope that he would be "one of us." If so, that was foolish and self-deceiving. Some conservatives supported del Junco because they see him as a meal ticket. The GOP state chairman has a fair amount of patronage and "pork" to distribute, particularly the highly-paid staff positions at state party headquarters in Burbank. These conservative del Junco supporters seek to have the best of both worlds — to maintain their

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conservative "credentials" while aiding and abetting Pete Wilson's crusade against fellow conservatives in the party structure.

But there is only so much a state chairman and a gavel can do to thwart the will of a clear majority at conventions when controversial issues arise such as, say, amendments to the state party platform or, perhaps, some move to reprimand Republican Assemblyman Paul Horcher in some way (a distinct possibility). Horcher defied his own caucus by accepting Willie Brown's appointment to the powerful Assembly Ways and Means Committee after the caucus had chosen Assemblyman Dean Andal for the post. Del Junco will have an interesting tightrope to walk, especially if Wilson continues his vendetta against conservatives into the new year. How far will he be able to go for Wilson, when the governor pulls one way and the Central Committee's conservative majority pulls the other, without sparking open revolt on the floor? It will be interesting to watch.

AND BEFORE we leave the subject of the California GOP official apparatus, a good word should be said for outgoing Chairman Jim Dignan. Since about the middle of last summer, Dignan has been the subject of unrelenting and vociferous attacks by Pete Wilson and his cronies. Dignan got into trouble by committing the unpardonable sin of running the party apparatus for the benefit of *all* Republicans, not just those in the immediate Wilson orbit. He stood up to Wilson and said "no" when it was in the best interests of the party to do so. Now, everything bad that happened to Republicans in California last November is laid at Dignan's feet by the Wilsonites and their mercenaries, but the real reason for the attack is the independence Dignan showed as party chairman.

Conservative Republicans should have only one message for Jim Dignan: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Dignan performed exceptionally well and kept his dignity in very trying circumstances.

And perhaps the best thing to come in 1993 for conservatives is that Pete Wilson is finally going to have to decide who he is. Will he continue his path of the first two years, and have conservative bashing at the top of his agenda, even to his own political detriment? Or will he remember that he is a Republican, and return to embrace the mainstream conservative views of the overwhelming majority of his fellow party members?

Wilson's bouts of dung throwing with conservatives are mostly of his own making. This continues to bewilder all but the most liberal columnists, who are happy to see conservatives under attack for any reason. The governor has fought battles against conservatives that could easily have been avoided. He has picked fights when there was no need for fights. And he has found reason for combat when conservatives were more than willing to parlay and compromise.

All this comes from his border-line irrational and Messianic mission against conservatives in the party. His survival in 1994 quite literally depends on his dropping all that: on his "growing up" and working with the vast majority of conservative activists in California who even now stand willing to make common cause with him against our true common enemies — Willie Brown, David Roberti, and the Democrat juggernaut loose in the state.

Right now, Wilson is dead meat. His first order of business is to avoid becoming the George Bush of 1994. In other words, to stand for something! In order to stand for something, he will have to sacrifice his "pragmatic" and "compassionate" facade that sends the media into paroxysms of joy and the voters into glassy eyed stupor or anger.

He *can* make peace with conservatives, and without a lot of difficulty. About all he'd have to do is start acting and sounding like a Republican again. If he doesn't, he will perish. Whether Wilson's survival *ought* to be a matter of concern to Republicans is a debatable question, but that is fodder for other writers and articles.

Lastly, and in many ways most importantly, conservatives and Republicans can take heart that we are still the only source of new and interesting policy ideas around. The moderate, pragmatic GOP program — tinkering around the edges of Democrat social policies — has never excited or interested people and never will. But the basic conservative program of freedom: freedom for taxpayers, freedom for school children, freedom for businesses, *that* is a program, put forward as Reagan did, not in pale pastels, but in "bright bold colors," that can and will attract the support of a majority of our fellow Americans and Californians.

Do not believe the media pundits who loath conservatism and write of its demise every two years *regardless* of the election results. Do not believe the few remaining Republican "moderates" who parade around muttering their tired old bromides and excuses from the last 30 years. Do not despair. The conservative philosophy, based on truth and freedom, will not fail. It is up to us who believe it so to work hard in the future to make it so. CPR

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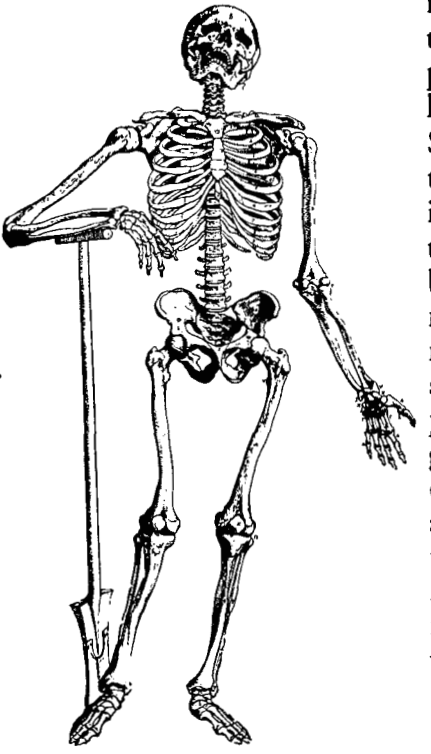
The Decade of the Great Liberal Death Wish

A solvent rather than a precipitate, a sedative rather than a stimulant, a slough rather than a precipice; blurring the edges of truth, the definition of virtue, the shape of beauty; a cracked bell, a mist, a death wish.

by Malcolm Muggeridge

IT SEEMS scarcely to have been noticed, but the election of Bill Clinton marks what is probably the final nail in the coffin of the old, affable, optimistic Hubert Humphrey-style liberalism that dominated the Democrat party from World War II until the 1968 Chicago convention riots and the eventual triumph of the McGovern-Hayden wing in 1972. The relatively easy-going secular humanism of the old liberals has finally been entirely supplanted by the nihilist impulses of the 1960's Destructive Generation that David Horowitz has described eloquently and in detail. Nowhere is the sea-change more obvious than on America's college campuses where "deconstructionism," the Politically Correct movement's overt rejection of free speech and honest thought, and, overall, a spirit of sheer contempt for all Western ideas, values, and institutions as the enslaving, accursed legacy of "dead, white European males" all show unmistakably a complete break with our civilization that would have horrified men like Humphrey. It has taken 20 years, but the left portion of the '60s generation has finally placed one of its own in the White House. Now that America has chosen to trust itself to these gentle souls, at least for the next four years, the time seemed right to reprint the following excerpts from Malcolm Muggeridge's "Decade of the Great Liberal Death Wish" (first published in Esquire, *December 1970) to help clarify just what sort of bridge we have crossed.*



Malcolm Muggeridge, borrowing a phrase from St. Augustine, called himself a "vendor of words," a profession he practiced with grace and wit through most of this century's decades. He died in 1990.

SEARCHING ABOUT in my mind for an appropriate name for the decade which has just begun, I settle for The Decade of The Great Liberal Death Wish. It seems to me that this process of death-wishing, in the guise of liberalism, has been eroding the civilization of the West for a century and more, and is now about to reach its apogee. The liberal mind, effective everywhere, whether in power or in opposition, particularly so during the present period of American world domination, has provided the perfect instrument. Systematically, stage by stage, dismantling our Western way of life, depreciating and deprecating all its values so that the whole social structure is now tumbling down, dethroning its God, undermining all its certainties, and finally mobilizing a Praetorian Guard of ribald students, maintained at the public expense, and ready at the drop of a hat to go into action, not only against their own weak-kneed, bemused academic authorities, but also against any institution or organ for the maintenance of law and order still capable of functioning, especially the police. And all this, wonderfully enough, in the name of the health, wealth, and happiness of all mankind.

Previous civilizations have been over-

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thrown from without by the incursion of barbarian hordes; ours has dreamed up its own dissolution in the minds of its own intellectual elite. It has carefully nurtured its own barbarians — all reared on the best Dr. Spock lines, sent to progressive schools and colleges, fitted with contraceptives or fed birth pills at puberty, mixing D. H. Lawrence with their Coca-Cola, and imbibing the headier stuff (Marcuse, Chairman Mao, Malcolm X) in evening libations of hot chocolate. Not bolshevism, which Stalin liquidated along with all the old Bolsheviks; not nazism, which perished with Hitler in his Berlin bunker; not fascism, which was left hanging upside down, along with Mussolini and his mistress, from a lamppost — none of these, history will record, was responsible for bringing down the darkness on our civilization, but liberalism. A solvent rather than a precipitate, a sedative rather than a stimulant, a slough rather than a precipice; blurring the edges of truth, the definition of virtue, the shape of beauty; a cracked bell, a mist, a death wish.

I was fortunate enough myself, while still in my late twenties, to be presented with a demonstration of the great liberal death wish at work, so manifest, so incontestable in its implications, and, at the same time, so hilariously funny, that I have never subsequently felt the smallest doubt that here lay the key to the tragicomedy of our time. It happened in Moscow, in the Autumn of 1932 and Spring of 1933, when I was working there as correspondent for the, then, *Manchester Guardian.* In those days, Moscow was the Mecca for every liberal mind, whatever its particular complexion. They flocked

there in an unending procession, from the great ones like Shaw and Gide and Barbusse and Julian Huxley and Harold Laski and the Webbs, down to poor little teachers, crazed clergymen and millionaires, and driveling dons; all utterly convinced that, under the aegis of the great Stalin, a new dawn was breaking in which the human race would at last be united in liberty, equality, and fraternity forevermore.

STALIN HIMSELF, to do him justice, never troubled to hide his contempt for them and everything they stood for, and mercilessly suppressed any like tendencies among his own people. This, however, in no wise deterred them. They were prepared to believe anything, however preposterous; to overlook anything, however villainous; to approve anything, however obscurantist and brutally authoritarian, in order to be able to preserve intact the confident expectation that one of the most thoroughgoing, ruthless, and bloody tyrannies ever to exist on earth could be relied on to champion human freedom, the brotherhood of man, and all the other good liberal causes to which they had dedicated their lives. It is true that many of them subsequently retracted; that incidents like the Stalinist purges, the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the debunking of Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress, the Hungarian and Czech risings, each caused a certain leakage among liberal well-wishers. Yet when the dust settles, the same old bias is clearly discernible. It is an addiction, like alcoholism, to which the liberal mind is intrinsically susceptible — to grovel before any Beelzebub who claims, however implausibly, to be a prince of liberals.

Why? After all, the individuals concerned are ostensibly the shining lights of the Western world; scholars, philosophers, artists, scientists, and the like; the favored children of a troubled time. Held in respect as being sages who know all the answers; sought after by governments and international agencies; holding forth in the press and on the air. The glory of faculties and campuses; beating a path between Harvard and Princeton, and Washington, D.C.; swarming like migrant birds from the London School of Economics, Oxford, and Cambridge into Whitehall. Yet I have seen their prototypes — and I can never forget it — in the role of credulous buffoons capable of being taken in by grotesquely obvious deceptions. Swallowing unquestioningly statistics and other purported data whose falsity was immediately evident to the meanest intelligence. Full of idiot delight when Stalin or one of his henchmen yet again denounced the corrupt, cowardly intelligentsia of the capi-

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talist West — viz., themselves. I detect in their like today the same impulse. They pass on from one to another, like a torch held upside down, the same death wish. Editors come and go, newspapers decline and fold, Labour Governments form and unform; after Roosevelt, Truman and then Eisenhower; after Kennedy, Johnson and then Nixon; but the great liberal death wish goes marching on.

In those far-off days in Moscow it was possible to discuss matters like distinguished visiting intellectuals with officials of the Press Department of the Soviet Foreign Office, with whom, of course, we foreign journalists were in constant contact. Most of them were Russian Jews who had lived abroad before the Revolution. Unlike the usual sort of wooden-faced Soviet functionary, they had a sense of humor and a taste for irony. One and all, as it happened, were fated to be shot when, later on, Stalin swung the regime back to traditional Russian anti-Semitism. Yes, of course, they said, people like Shaw and the Webbs were natural stool pigeons, historically destined to play a Judas part and betray — admittedly, rather out of vanity than cupidity — their own phony liberal principles to a triumphant Marxist revolutionary movement in whose eyes they were, and must always be, anathema. Meanwhile, they had their usefulness, if only in reassuring the Soviet authorities that, whatever they might feel bound to do in the way of terrorism and dictatorial practices, they never need worry their heads about hostile reactions in enlightened circles and newspapers in the West. The Foreign Office men told me that they even on occasion amused themselves by seeing how far they could go in gulling distinguished visitors, fabricating production statistics and Stakhanovite feats at the factory bench which could not possibly be true. However tall their stories, they were invariably believed, and often quoted in learned publications abroad; the credulity of their visitors was, it seemed, fathomless.

To the fevered mind of a Senator Joe McCarthy, or the more sedate, but still irascible one of a Vice-President Spiro Agnew; even to so erudite and responsible a citizen as Enoch Powell, it all smells unmistakably of conspiracy. How otherwise to account for the fact that the liberal mind, like deathwatch beetles, seems to be active in all the rafters and foundations of the State? So, they imagine suborned men, and hurl wild accusations and denunciations. Ah, if only it were a conspiracy! How easy, then, to apprehend the principals and subdue their dupes! But a death wish subconsciously entertained in newspaper offices and college faculties, in television and radio studios, in churches of all denominations, wherever two or more illuminati are gathered together — that is something else. To suppress a death wish it is necessary to proclaim a corresponding life wish — which is just what a Senator McCarthy, a Vice-President Agnew, an Enoch Powell cannot do; with the result that their wild accusations only serve to advance the very thing they believe they are attacking. They remind me of an old evangelical missionary I came across years ago in South India when I was living there. This good man had got in the way of appearing each year at a local Hindu festival and denouncing the god Shiva, before whom devotees were prostrating themselves. At first he was stoned, then just cursed and insulted, and finally taken for granted. When the time came for him to retire, the organizers of the festival petitioned his missionary society to send a replacement. He had become part of the show.

Just as the great-grandson of some famous ducal figure may have thrust upon him the disagreeable fate of ending his line, and, drooling and dissolute, duly ends it, so the liberal mind, likewise drooling and dissolute, has been entrusted with the historic task of bringing to an end what we still like to call our free way of life.

RECALLING, IN the light of these experiences, my time as an editorial writer on the *Guardian* before going to Moscow, I realized that there, in that great citadel of liberalism, we were engaged in spelling out the essential terms of the great liberal death wish. All our protestations and prognostications were governed by its exigencies. Thus, in our editorials, it was a basic principle that our enemies were always in the right and our friends in the wrong. If, for instance, a British soldier was killed anywhere, it was an unfortunate consequence of the brutal and crooked policies the poor fellow was required to implement; if, on the other hand, a British soldier

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killed someone, the victim was automatically a blessed martyr, to be mourned, and possibly made the subject of a demonstration, by all decent liberal people. Likewise, any Indians who were misguided enough to be our friends became thereby worthless and despicable figures in our eyes — with the exception, curiously enough, of the Aga Khan, who really was worthless. The repute in which he was held, however, was not due to any appreciation of his political views, but rather to his eminence on the racetrack; something so esteemed by the English that it covers even being on our side. Other Indians, like Nehru, who specialized in holding us up to hatred and contempt, were treated with the utmost consideration. I note that a similar role has come to be adopted by the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and other high-toned American newspapers, as well as by the more eminent radio and television commentators, who pour out their wrath and derision on any poor sucker who is fool enough to support the American side anywhere, but are quick to offer sympathetic treatment to a Castro, a Ho Chi Minh, a Che Guevara, none of whom can be regarded as exactly Americanophile. As far as the death wish or Gaderene stakes are concerned, I calculate that America is running a shade behind us, but is going hard in the direction of the same cliff.

I ASK MYSELF how this predilection for enemies and distaste for friends came to pass in what many of us have been brought up to regard as the most cultivated and enlightened minds of our time. Why it has seemed so obvious to them that whatever commends itself to our well-wishers must be despicable, and whatever serves the interests of our ill-wishers must be beneficial. Why, for instance, there should be so unanimous a feeling in such circles in the United States that the discrediting of American policies and the defeat of American arms in Vietnam represents a progressive aspiration, and the converse a reactionary one. Why, in a world full of oppressive regimes and terrorist practices, in England the venom and fury of the liberal mind should pick on the white South Africans with particular spleen when their oligarchic rule only differs from that of a dozen others — Tito's, Franco's, Castro's, etc., etc. — in that they happen to be anxious to be on good terms with the English.

What but a death wish could bring about so complete a reversal of all the normal worldly considerations of good sense, self-interest, and a desire to survive? I remember reading in Taine's *Origines de la France Contemporaine* of how, shortly before the Revolution, a party of affluent liberal intellectuals were discussing over their after-dinner cognac all the wonderful things that were going to happen when the Bourbon regime was abolished, and freedom *à la* Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau reigned supreme. One of the guests, hitherto silent, suddenly spoke up. Yes, he said, the Bourbon regime would indeed be overthrown, and in the process — pointing round — you and you and you will be carried screaming to the guillotine; you and you and you go into penurious exile, and — now pointing in the direction of some of the elegant ladies present — you and you and you hawk your bodies round from *sansculotte* to *sansculotte*. There was a moment of silence while this, as it turned out, all too exact prophesy sank in, and then the previous conversation was resumed. I know several fashionable and affluent households in London and Washington and Paris where similar conversations take place, and where similarly exact prophesies might be made, without, as on the occasion Taine so appositely described, having the slightest impact.

It would seem clear, then, that the great liberal death wish arises out of a historical, or maybe biological, necessity, rather than out of any rational, or even irrational, considerations. Civilizations, like classes and families and regimes, degenerate, and so must be wound up. Just as the great-grandson of some famous ducal figure or billionaire may have thrust upon him the disagreeable fate of ending his line, and, drooling and dissolute, duly ends it, so the liberal mind, likewise drooling and dissolute, has been entrusted with the historic task of bringing to an end what we are supposed to be defending with might and main — I mean what we still like to call our free way of life and the free institutions which have sustained it. On such a basis, all the views, attitudes, values, and recommendations of the liberal mind today make complete sense. Going back to my Moscow experience, those eminent intellectuals abasing themselves before Stalin, and so fatuously accepting his *bona fides* as a lover of human freedom and enlightenment, were simply fulfilling a manifest destiny to abolish themselves, their culture, and their world.

I have a recurrent nightmare that somehow or other a lot of contemporary pabulum — video tape of television programs with accompanying advertisements, news footage, copies of newspapers and magazines, stereo tapes of pop groups and other cacophonies, best-selling novels, films, and other such material — gets preserved, like the Dead Sea Scrolls, in some remote salt cave. Then, some centuries, or maybe millennia, later, when

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Pure Nofziger

AN INTERVIEW WITH LYN NOFZIGER

The judge is ruling against us today
It's morning, he's not quite awake
It takes him a while to remember
The rest of my life is at stake

REPORTER, PRESS secretary for Ronald Reagan's first run for office, official in the Nixon White House and the Reagan presidency — and poet: Lyn Nofziger has observed American politics from every angle. He penned the lines above, and many more, "to stay awake," he says, during his 1988 trial. (Nofziger was an early victim of Congressional efforts to criminalize opposition to Democrat policies. As has now become commonplace, this politically-inspired prosecution came to nothing when Nofziger's conviction was thrown out on appeal, but only after robbing him of untold dollars in attorney's fees and three years of his life.) Here he discusses, from his consummate insider's perspective: Reagan, George Bush, Bill Clinton, Pete Wilson, the GOP — past and present, conservative and moderate — and his recently-published memoir, *Nofziger.**

***California Political Review:** Early in your book, you write that "the eight years I spent as a reporter in Washington were the best years of my working life." Do you ever regret having moved from reporting into politics?*
Nofziger: No, not really. I look back once in a while and say gee, that was a good job and it was fun and all that, but, by getting into politics and working for Reagan, I've had a chance to have an impact on things and be a part of making things happen instead of just watching them.

***CPR:** Towards the end of the book you say: "I had 20 years of fun, excitement, and, on occasion, even had a chance to have an impact on what was happening. It would be hard to ask for anything more." What would you say your impact has been?*
Nofziger: That's pretty difficult. Just having helped elect Reagan president, obviously there is an impact. Having been a part of an inner circle of sorts meant that I was involved in getting some things done and ensuring that some things were not done. I don't want to sit here and say I am responsible for any one particular thing, but I think there are a number of things I had a hand in.

***CPR:** You noticed something in Ronald Reagan that was missed by many people in both parties considered highly astute in politics, men who tended to write Reagan off as dumb, a light-weight, and certainly not someone who would become one of America's most popular presidents. What did you see and why did they miss it?*
Nofziger: I don't know what I saw there. It was not a question of seeing so much as a question of sensing — just the feeling that Reagan communicated with his audience, with the people he was trying to convince to vote for him. Some speakers drive people away; others bring them in. Reagan was the kind of a candidate and the kind of a speaker whom people immediately liked for the most part, felt friendly toward, and thought of him: gee, here's a guy I can vote for. And I don't know what it is; if I did I'd be rich because I'd go peddle it.

***CPR:** Wasn't part of it what he was saying and what he was proposing to do?*
Nofziger: Oh, yeah, but a lot of people have said those things and have not gotten very far. Sure, a lot it was what he said but a lot more of it was the way he said it. When Ronald Reagan spoke, he was believable; he was sincere. There was nothing ever phony about him or anything that made people back off or say, hey, this is just another politician.

***CPR:** Why did his opponents so regularly underestimate*

**Nofziger*, by Lyn Nofziger, Regnery Gateway, 1992, 370 pages, $21.95, cloth.

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him? Why, no matter how many times he won, did the other side always expect him to lose?

Nofziger: I think a lot of it had to do with the media saying, or implying, that he wasn't very bright, saying or implying that he was lazy, saying or implying that he was just a kind of a dumb actor who was repeating lines, none of which was true but, if a thing is said often enough, people tend to believe it, especially if they want to believe it. Politicians who didn't know him very well — Pat Brown didn't know him very well, Jimmy Carter sure didn't, Gerry Ford didn't — liked to believe this and they just all underestimated him.

One reason the so-called 'moderate' Republicans never won an election is because they always wanted to keep other people out of the Party. The Party was their own little playground and they didn't want to let people in unless they agreed with them 100 percent.

CPR: Your book recounts an interesting story about how Henry Salvatori, one of Reagan's most important supporters before the 1966 primaries, almost dropped him during that campaign. What was your role in keeping that from happening?

Nofziger: Reagan attended a meeting of black Republicans along with the other candidates, George Christopher and William Penn Patrick and both Christopher and Patrick, were implying pretty generally that Reagan was a racist. He became angry and stomped out of the meeting. There was a bad story in the *Los Angeles Times* the next day that said Reagan had blown his cool, which basically was true. Henry Salvatori, who'd been one of the early people, along with Holmes Tuttle, to urge him to run, all of a sudden decided that Reagan was, well, not stable and not a good candidate. He told Bob Mardian, who, at the time, was the state campaign chairman, that he wanted to dump Reagan and run Goodwin Knight, who had been governor in the 1950s. Knight had run for the U.S. Senate, and lost, in 1958.

Mardian called me — I was in the Sacramento area with the campaign — and said get down here; we've got to talk Salvatori out of this. When the three of us met at Salvatori's home, I argued that Reagan was doing very well out on the hustings, that he *was* a good candidate and that Knight was not a good candidate. We spent most of the afternoon, but we finally convinced him.

CPR: So, could it be said that you averted an abrupt end to Reagan's political career at its very beginning?

Nofziger: Well, for one thing, Henry was kind of volatile himself. I don't know if he ever would have followed through on this and, two, I don't know if it would have made any difference anyway. Knight was not exactly the most prominent Republican in the state and he'd lost the Senate race.

CPR: In the book you mention that, early in his career, Reagan referred to himself as a "citizen politician" but that, later on, he stopped doing that. What do you think makes that change significant?

Nofziger: Well, when Reagan first got into politics, he didn't see himself as a politician; he saw himself as an American citizen who was doing his duty to his country because it had been good to him. So he called himself a "citizen politician": he was not going to make a career out of politics. Of course, he limited himself to two terms as governor and was out of office for six years before he was elected president. But, by this time, you know, he was, in fact, a politician. That's what he had done; that's what he was involved in. I don't think he ever forgot his general philosophy of government, but I do think that, in some ways, he forgot what his initial reason had been for getting into politics.

CPR: Was Reagan's ceasing to see himself as this "citizen politician" in any way similar to Bush's breaking his "read my lips" pledge; in the sense that, in both cases, you seemed to have a man who began as one of "us" — the ordinary citizen out here in the country, with Reagan explicitly calling himself one and, later, Bush making promises that said, in effect, I am one of you; your battle is my battle against those in Washington who always want to take more from you. I won't betray you. But then this man, again in both cases, seems to turn into one of "them" over time. For instance, Reagan raised taxes in 1982 — with the so-called TEFRA bill — long before Bush did so.

Nofziger: Well, first of all, Reagan never made a "no new taxes" pledge, although he clearly opposed them, the more strongly the further along he went in his political career. But I don't think he consciously walked away from the citizen politician idea. It just happened

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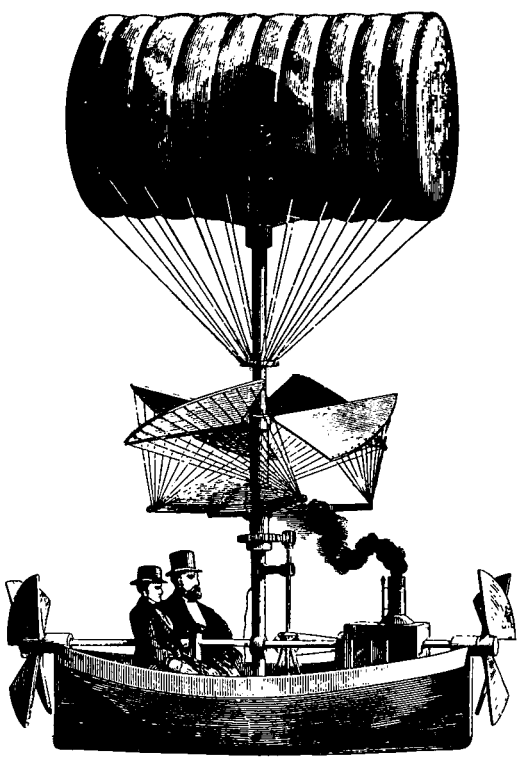
as he went along. Really, I think, by the time he ran for president in 1976, he was not thinking in those terms. As for TEFRA, you want to remember that Reagan eventually decided that he'd been snookered on that. He said himself that it was a bad bill, that we should never have agreed to it. And of course, the fact is, Congress lied to him, or the Congressional leadership did. If he had gotten his three dollars in cuts for every couple of dollars or every dollar, whatever it was, in new taxes, that could have made a significant difference in the budget and in the deficit. That's what he was looking at but, clearly, it didn't work out that way.

CPR: Wasn't it also a brilliant political stroke by the Democrats — it seemed to take the wind out Reagan's sails politically, the same thing that happened to Bush later and, in California, to Wilson — did it not undercut the political appeal of all three men?
Nofziger: Oh, sure it did. That's especially true with Bush because Bush had been so adamant about it. He had not left himself any wiggle room at all. He was unable to justify it beyond saying, well, the Democrats made me do it, which is hardly justification.

CPR: Especially when Reagan had been fooled by the same trick?
Nofziger: That's right, exactly. You'd have thought he'd have learned, wouldn't you?

CPR: You initially opposed TEFRA, you say in your book, but then worked for its passage out of a sense of loyalty to the president after Reagan asked for your help. Wouldn't it perhaps have been more loyal to tell him he was making a mistake, to try to save him from it?
Nofziger: We'd already told him he was making a mistake. I don't know; I suppose it depends on how you look at things. It's very difficult to turn the president of the United States down when he asks you to do something, especially when he's a man you admire and a man you work for. So, sure, you can second guess all you want. I didn't do that. I knew what I was doing and I wasn't very happy about it but I did it. That's all there is to it.



CPR: The section of your book that describes your time working in the Nixon White House tells of Nixon's many efforts to build political support out in the country for his policies. Was this sort of basic political effort as completely missing from the Bush White House as it seemed to be?
Nofziger: Well, he not only had no sense that he had to build support, he went out and drove support away. They set out, right after he was elected, to get rid of the Reagan people. They would not hire Reagan people for the most part. They did nothing at all to keep together the Reagan coalition: the blue collar workers, the ethnic Catholics, the fundamentalists, up until the very end when it was too late.

CPR: Regarding coalition building, when you worked in Gerald Ford's re-election campaign, one of your projects was a publication called Heartland "which," your book says, "attacked Carter from the standpoint of the religious right." It was, you say "an effective publication." Wasn't the revival of conservative Christians as a Republican political force seen in those days as a great positive, part of the reason Reagan won in 1980? What became of this effort?
Nofziger: Well, I suppose that when your leader goes people drift apart. Reagan was the leader, and no one came up, certainly not George Bush, to seize the leadership of that coalition.

CPR: Pete Wilson, so far from picking up that leadership, seems rather to be determined to drive religious conservatives away. How do you explain that?
Nofziger: What you have here, of course, is a resurgence among the so-called "moderate" Republicans. One reason they never won an election is because they always wanted to keep other people out of the Party. The Party was their own little playground and they didn't want to let people in unless they agreed with them 100 percent. So now you've got these moderate Republicans saying, oooh, the religious right is dangerous; they're trying to take over our Party. And, you know, I laugh at them. I say, hey, they can't take over a party if the party won't be taken over. That's number one. And number two, what we want to

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do is get them inside the Party so they're helping us. What this basically is is the pro-choice movement out after the prolife people. That's what it boils down to.

CPR: But aren't they the ones who talk of the "big tent"?
Nofziger: Oh yeah, that's right — there's a lot of room in the tent, but not many people.

CPR: If you were to counsel Gov. Wilson on how to improve his re-election prospects, what would you tell him?
Nofziger: I'd tell him to go sit down with all of those right wing nuts that he's contemptuous of and see if he can't reach some kind of an agreement with them so that they will go out and work. But the problem is, even if he did that, Pete doesn't agree with them. It would be very hard to give Pete Wilson some advice that he could take and still maintain his own credibility because to have him bring back the conservatives in the Party would mean he would have to walk away from a lot of the things he's said and done.

CPR: It wouldn't be the first time a politician . . .
Nofziger: That's very true but the last time George Bush tried it, it cost him an election. So, you've got to be careful how you do these things.

CPR: You suggested earlier that that was because Bush waited too long. Wilson still has a fair amount of time.
Nofziger: He has almost two years, sure, but he has to start catering to them a little bit. Certainly when you're out fighting them all the time you make it very difficult for them to come back. And Pete's the guy who's taken the lead in the fight.

CPR: They deny that.
Nofziger: I can't help that. When you call your delegates and ask them not to go to the convention, I think that's a pretty explicit sign of disagreement.

CPR: On the other side, if you could counsel conservatives, some of whom are in an anybody-but-Wilson mood — rather like the mood about Bush in many Republican circles last year — what would you tell them?
Nofziger: Oh, I don't know. So many things can happen and you don't know where Pete's going to be. I would tell them right now hold your fire for the next six or seven months and see what the situation is then. I would certainly not go out and start an attack on Wilson right now because I think it would be counterproductive. The proper time to do that is, if you want to run in a primary, fine, go ahead, but try to do it in such a way that you don't tear your Party apart.

CPR: A friend of yours from the Reagan White House, John Herrington, is now a candidate for California Republican Party vice-chairman, a job that usually leads to the Party chairmanship after two years. Please tell a little about him.
Nofziger: John is a good, solid Reagan Republican. He was an advance man for Reagan for years and years and years, worked in the Reagan administration, is a solid, sound conservative and a first-rate guy.

CPR: Is Wilson's support for him a sign, then, that the governor is perhaps looking for ways to end the warfare in the Party?
Nofziger: Well, maybe. But, on the other hand, maybe he thinks that Herrington is a reasonable person, and Herrington *is* a reasonable person, but if Pete thinks that John's a moderate Republican in his image, he's seriously mistaken.

CPR: I'd like to end by asking for some predictions about four things: Clinton, the GOP, the Reagan legacy, and, finally, Lyn Nofziger. What's the future hold for Clinton?
Nofziger: Too early to tell; you can't tell what kind of a president a man will be until he gets in there. My own feeling is that he'll probably knuckle under to the pressures from his Party and move leftward and if he moves too far left, he'll be a one-term president. But he's a very shrewd politician and you'll have to take that into consideration when you're looking at him.

CPR: Will he rise or fall with the economy?
Nofziger: No, not unless we have a recession again at the end of his term. But this economy clearly is getting better and will probably continue to get better regardless of what he does for the next couple of years. The only thing is, if it is getting better and he raises taxes he'll hurt it and that could be harmful to him. But I think he's smart enough to know that so we're just going to have to wait and see.

CPR: How about the GOP?
Nofziger: Well, it'll come back. Parties always do come back. You'll see some turmoil; you'll see some people trying to form little groups within the Party and all that kind of stuff and out of all this turmoil some people will

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Criticus

Doo Dah

G.B. Tennyson

THE APPEARANCE in Southern California over the Thanksgiving holiday of Messiah Elect Bill Clinton was hard to distinguish from the contemporaneous antics underway at the 17th Occasional Doo Dah Parade, that madcap mockery of traditional parades that occurs in Pasadena only just down the road and only just round the corner from several of the venues of the Clinton triumphal weekend.

The Redeemer jammed up the Glendale Galleria shopping mall by engaging in what the British call a "walkabout" and what Clinton aides call a "meet and greet" session but which most resembled what used to be known as a Royal Progress, when the monarch visited the provinces, or even the events of the first Palm Sunday.

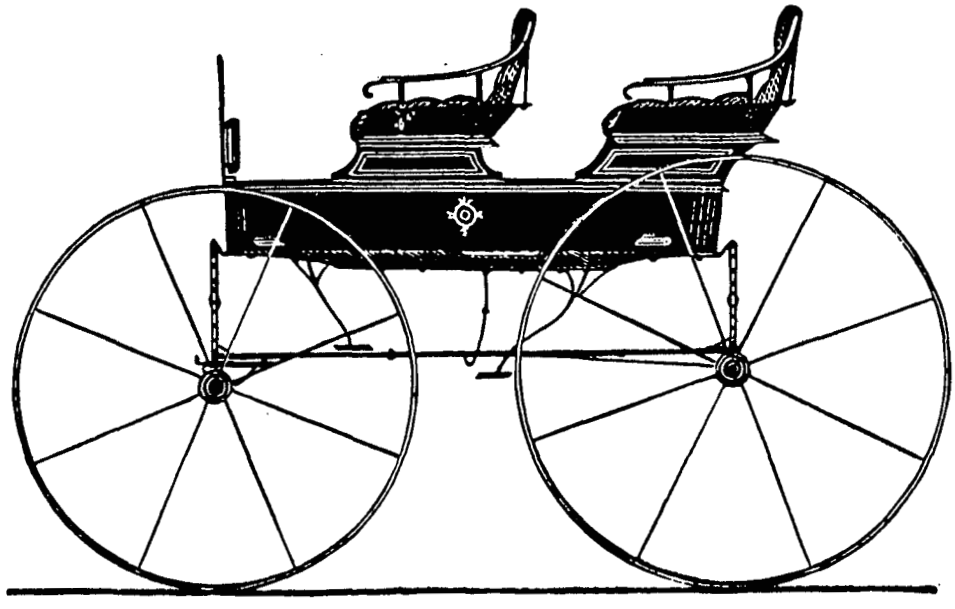
William Jefferson Blythe Clinton also darted up the coast to Santa Barbara where he kept "spontaneously" mingling with the proles, ranging from an AIDS protester to a group playing beach volleyball. Among the latter he was heard to respond to the questions of passers-by as to which one was Clinton by calling out, "I'm the one with the white legs." Luckily, it wasn't an inner city basketball game or he'd have found himself in the deposed George Bush's deep doo doo. He was transported back one night to Pasadena itself to participate in a "surprise" birthday party at a lavish hotel for one of his benefactors, the same one who has provided the Clintons with the multi-million dollar beachfront hideaway south of Santa Barbara. Near this spot the proprietor of a local restaurant bought a much publicized saxophone to lure the Clintons in, and they duly appeared there for yet another photo op, though Clinton blessedly forbore to play the instrument.

Amidst these shenanigans, the intentional lunacy of the Doo Dah Parade seemed fairly tame. In fact, it was the Doo Dah that appeared to be engaged in politics while Clinton was engaged in street theatre. To be sure, the Doo Dah has always made fun of public events, including political ones. Last year, for example, they restaged the Zsa Zsa Gabor face slapping of a Beverly Hills policeman; this year the best send-up demonstration was a "float" of the Los Angeles riots, with a policeman eating a doughnut as he lazed alongside a shop called something like "Kim's Liquor Store" while manic characters raced unimpededly in, out, and about with loaded grocery carts full of loot.

A close second in the topical vein was a celebrity look-alike float featuring a very plausible John Paul II ripping apart a photo of Sinead O'Connor (loud cheers!) and a moderately convincing Bill Clinton carrying a large toy saxophone, which he explained he didn't actually play or inhale as this was an instrument for "Safe Sax."

So much for the fun. But this year also the Doo Dah Parade had a disturbing number of purely political statements: female persons dressed in judicial robes calling themselves the "New Supremes" as a symbol of their demand that there be more women on the Supreme Court; additional militant shebeings parading with the circular coat-hangers-prohibited sign to proclaim their unyielding dedication to abortion on demand.

THE PROBLEM with these and similar demonstrations was not that they expressed a political point of view — so, after all, did the riot float and it was a view hardly flattering to the police, yet nevertheless amusing — but that they were not at all funny and not even trying to



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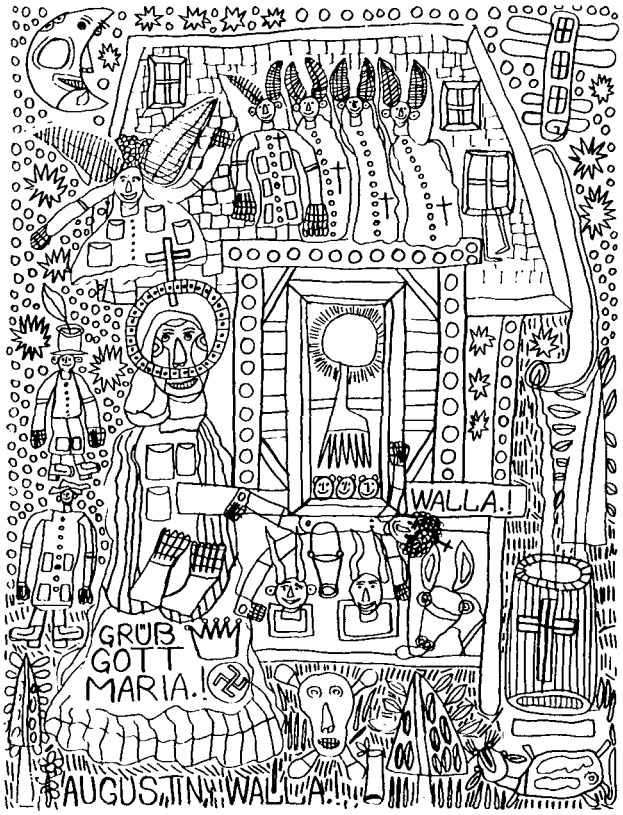

be. They were in fact nothing but political and tendentious and terminally boring. To top it off, the celebrated Precision Brief Case Drill Team did not appear this year at all. The reason given was that paradegoers have become too rowdy and have taken to throwing objects, mostly tortillas, at parade participants. Tortillas, especially if covered with salsa, do nasty damage to the expensive business suits that the drill team has traditionally worn for its act. Without the assurance of protection from unruly spectators, the team did not go on.

The day after the parade the permanent organizer announced that the preceding Doo Dah was probably the last. Crowd misbehavior, danger, cost, and such like were cited as the culprits. So it turns out to be, not Clinton, but the Doo Dah that is in deep doo doo. In view of the fact that Mr. Clinton's public demeanor looks increasingly like a case of life imitating art, there seems no reason for the Messiah in Waiting himself not to save the Doo Dah simply by promising to stage an annual Progress through the streets of Pasadena on the Sunday following Thanksgiving. He might enlist the aid of Michael Eisner and other Disney Corporation luminaries from nearby Burbank who supported him during the election and have now cashed in their stock options totalling well over $20 million to escape the tax consequences they see as likely to flow from the incoming Clinton administration. So, why not lend a hand? Clinton and Goofy as co-Grand Marshalls could revitalize the entire Doo Dah undertaking. Lady Macbeth would also be in place here.

MEANTIME, ON a related cultural front and just across town there is an intriguing exhibit that casts light on all of the above. It is the display called "Parallel Visions" at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. By the time this column sees print, the exhibit will have closed. It ran from October to early January. But the artistic lesson to be drawn from it is permanently available, for the simple reason that Criticus is making it so here and now.

The art on display in "Parallel Visions" is called by the organizers and others in the English-speaking art world "Outsider Art," which is simultaneously patronizing and misleading. It is better known in Europe where it was first detected and cultivated, chiefly by the artist Jean Dubuffet, as "*art brut.*" Those who produce *art brut* are not, conventionally speaking, artists at all. They are, kindly put, the mentally disturbed, more bluntly the insane, historically lunatics or madmen. Indeed, Dubuffet coined the term *art brut* as a kinder, gentler substitute for what was up to then called by the Germans who first remarked it *Kunst der Geisteskranken* — art of the mentally ill. What they produce consists of drawings, paintings, designs, collages, and other miscellaneous artifacts that were created out of compulsion or obsession or sometimes as clinical therapy, much as children are encouraged to finger paint.

Art brut is usually translated as "raw art," but perhaps equally well rendered by translating the cognate literally as "brute art," or going even further as "rough," "crude," "clown-

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ish," or even "rude" art. All of these englishings of *brut,* imperfect though they are, give more the flavor of the kind of art under discussion than does the term "outsider," which among other confusing things seems to imply that the creators of *art brut* want to be "insiders," when in fact they are totally oblivious of the art world and of who is in and who is out.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, *art brut* has affinities with the work of children and of primitives, and those who use the comprehensive term "outsider art" would include such presumably sane artists as Simon Rodia (creator of the Watts Towers) and Grandma Moses. The point of affinity here may lie, not exactly in lunacy or dementia, but in the independence and solitary character of these artists, for primitives, like creators of *art brut,* usually work along and to their own inner visions. There is more than a touch of such an attitude in Van Gogh, who not so incidentally had his share of mental derangement as well. Considering that he spent time in an asylum, he may well qualify as the first authentic master of *art brut.*

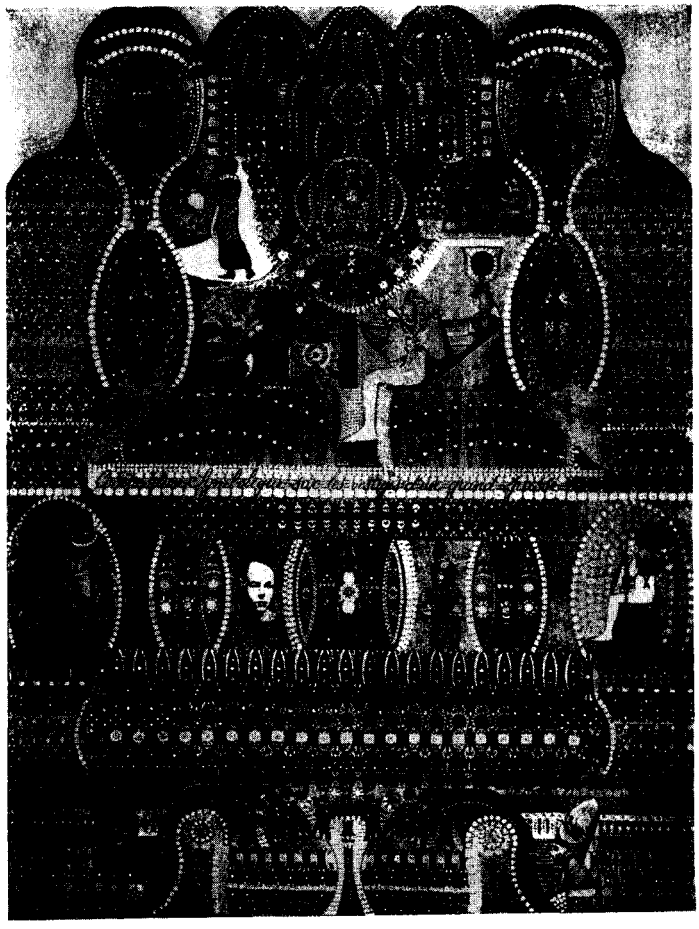
Terminology aside, until one sees the works of *art brut,* however, one cannot begin to appreciate the haunting, bizarre, often profoundly unsettling drawings and paintings created by the deranged and alienated. What is most amazing about the work is that it is often also very beautiful in line and pattern and detail and not even invariably "raw," though often it *is* indeed raw even as it is beautiful.

Dubuffet and other twentieth-century surrealist, expressionist, and abstract expressionist artists admitted to being inspired by *art brut* and they consciously modelled many of their works on the styles and approaches seen in it. To his credit Dubuffet abandoned his own work to collect genuine *art brut.*

Until one sees art brut *one cannot appreciate the haunting, bizarre, often profoundly unsettling drawings and paintings created by the deranged and alienated. Most amazing is that it is often also beautiful in line and pattern and detail.*

The Los Angeles exhibit showed some of the *art brut*-inspired pieces alongside the genuine articles (hence the idea of *parallel* visions), but the idea doesn't really work. The *fons et origo* of *art brut* is the museum in Lausanne, Switzerland, called *La Collection de l'Art Brut,* assembled by Dubuffet. There, no parallels or imitations cloud the pure (un)serene or the world of the art of the insane. An afternoon at the collection leaves one feeling an eerie kinship with the deeply disturbed. It is looking into the abyss and seeing one's own reflection. To adapt but slightly T.S. Eliot's snarl at the reader in *The Waste Land,* you see suddenly that *vis-a-vis art brut* you are a *hypocrite voyeur, mon semblable, mon frère.*

Which in turn is the point of *art brut* and why it and not abstract expressionism and the like has a real and uncanny power. Next to the genuine article the "insiders" look astonishingly like outsiders trying to pretend to be certifiable. The meretriciousness of Dali, for example, and even the more au-



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thentic but still calculated *gaucherie* of a Paul Klee (perhaps the best of them all), a Max Ernst or a Hans Arp, are seen for what they are next to the workings of the truly crazed mind. So it is with all the parallel insiders. There's no point in *pretending* to be insane. The real ones do it better.

"Art brut" is to "insider art" what the doo dah parade was in its original ludic purity to "insider parades." That raw art should be imitated and usurped by pretenders to the title is no more surprising than that the Doo Dah should be upstaged by President Bubba masquerading as President Saviour. CPR

Popular Culture

Just Another Bill Clinton Democrat

Ted Field's Inner Darkness Attacks America

T.R. O'Neill-Lopez

"I WANT TO make films that impact culture. My main target is the Jewish Left. I consider the Jewish Left to be very close to communism."

One can well imagine the uproar if a recently arrived Hollywood tycoon made such a statement to a major newspaper. He or she would be pilloried in the press and run out of town on a rail. And yet, a Hollywood mogul, who is a big booster of Bill Clinton, can make such statements about the Christian population with complete impunity.

Frederick W. Field, known as "Ted," is the stuff of Dan Quayle's nightmares. Field, in his early 40s, is old-money, heir to the Marshall Field department store dynasty. *Fortune* magazine pegs his worth in the $700 million range, which will feed a family of four.

Ted is currently trying to sell his five residences, including a 43-acre spread in Santa Barbara which he picked up for $6.5 million. The current asking price is $39 million, down from $55 million. He currently lives in "Greenacres," a 44-room, 36,000-square-foot estate on 16 acres above Benedict Canyon. No homeless are to be found in that neighborhood. And if they are, they're not living at Ted's.

Field came to California in the mid-1970s and has maintained a low profile. *Premier* magazine ranks him 38th among Hollywood's 100 most powerful people. His company, Interscope Communications, headed by a former CIA agent, has produced 28 films, including hits such as *Three Men and a Baby,* and *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* — a pretty good flick. A shrewd businessman, Field plans to build the company into another major studio. But money is not all that drives him.

The bearded, pony-tailed Field says that his overarching goal in both entertainment and politics is to "impact culture." His primary target is the "Religious Right of the Republican Party." Says Field, "I consider the Religious Right in the Republican Party to be very close to Nazism." But what does he really think? Actually the Nazis were National *Socialists,* who hated capitalism and considered themselves revolutionaries. But you can't expect Ted, or anybody else in the dream factories, to make sense of history. When wealthy Hollywood types don't like something they call it "fascism," "Nazism," and of course "far-right." Critic Michael Medved is right. This anti-religious animus is a driving force in tinseltown.

THE MOGUL practices no religion and has been married three times. One of his ex-wives says that he "has a desire to be with other women on a constant basis." He has

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T.R. O'Neill-Lopez is California Political Review's *roving correspondent on Popular Culture.*

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attended, count 'em, seven colleges but failed to earn a degree.

DURING THE presidential campaign Field gave $483,805 to the Democratic National Committee and other Democrat causes. In the last six years he has forked over $1.2 million to the Democrats, placing him among the nation's top five donors. Paul Simon of Illinois and Democrat National Committee Chairman Ron Brown are among his favorite recipients, as is People for the American (read "Norman Lear's") Way. Field serves on PAW's board, but he's more than a figurehead.

According to recent press reports, PAW used $200,000 of Field's money to topple Supreme Court nominee Robert Bork. "I felt that he was a super-authoritarian, completely insensitive to human concerns and to personal freedoms," explains Field. "I thought he was a true monster — the most dangerous kind of monster because he was a very smart monster." Note the carefully nuanced analysis.

Speaking of sensitivity and human concerns, Field's record company recently signed a band named "Thrill Kill Kult." The group's songs include such humanitarian and philanthropic numbers as "Leather Sex" and "Devil Bunnies." Just the kind of thing that lifts the human spirit and leads us all to a brighter day. Actually, *Premier* magazine describes Field as having a "big inner-darkness problem." Friends say that he "icily discards" associates who fall from favor. But he gets things done.

Field was prepared to spend $1 million to bag Bork, if that was what it took. The mystery mogul channeled his money through PAW because the organization is not required by law to disclose its donors. How very smart.

According to Field's assistant, Robert Burkett, "Ted was one of the first people in this town who urged Bill Clinton to run." Then Clinton came to town and sought Field out. Last May, Field hosted a star-studded fundraiser that brought in $400,000 for the Clinton campaign.

Ted Field is a Hollywood classic. Like many others, his entree came through inheritance and money. He's public spirited and likes moral postures but discards his friends and can't stay married to one person. And like many in Hollywood, Ted Field thinks everything can be bought, even politicians. In the dream factories and politics, look for him to be a player. CPR

Pure Nofziger

(Continued from page 30)

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CPR: How will the future look back at Reagan?

Nofziger: I think that, 50 years from now, he'll be looked upon as a very competent president. His policies were as much responsible for the collapse of the Soviet Empire as anything else, and probably more so. That alone should insure his place in history. And, during Reagan's eight years, we had six-and-a-half years of unbroken prosperity, a post-war record. No president is perfect and they all do things or don't do things they shouldn't or should have done, but nevertheless I think he was a very successful president.

CPR: Toward the end of your book, you say that you're time in politics began with Reagan's and also ended when his did. Is that absolute? What is Lyn Nofziger doing these days?

Nofziger: Not a hell of a lot of anything: a little writing, a little politicking, not working very hard. I'll get involved maybe some way with somebody, but not to the extent that I have in the past. That's hard work; that's for young men. CPR

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The Great Republican Death Wish

(Continued from page 19)

tone of optimism — that carried through to allow great strides in many other areas as well. The law, for a while at least, actually became a little less politicized and ridiculous. Perhaps the most lasting effect of this revitalization was the eventual collapse of the Evil Empire, which even the Politically Correct people have not yet, as far as I know, tried to rehabilitate. No doubt they will get around to it.

BUT ALMOST from the moment Reagan knew he would win the 1980 Republican presidential nomination, the GOP's Gadarene impulse began to assert itself. Rather than continue doing what had been working, Reagan went to the political insiders who'd opposed him from the start, first asking Gerald Ford, a man who hadn't a clue to what Reagan Republicanism was really about, to be his vice-presidential running mate, and then George Bush, whose grasp of it would become evident most clearly in 1992, while passing over the obvious choice of Jack Kemp, the only nationally-prominent Republican in 1980 who at all understood what Reagan was trying to do and what Republican voters across the land had picked him to do. Reagan's intention is readily understandable. He wanted to unify the Party for the general election, something he had done successfully in 1966 when, after winning the primary, he immediately invited all of George Christopher's top campaign people into leadership positions in his campaign. But Reagan was playing for much higher stakes in 1980 and, by the time he became president, was dealing with far more powerful forces, both within and outside the GOP, opposing what he had set himself to do.

By August of 1982, Reagan's opponents, led by Jim Baker, had conned him into signing on to the first full-blown attack on his own and his Party's guiding principles — the so-called Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act. TEFRA, as it was called, was far more than just awful policy, though it certainly was that. Nofziger now calls it "a terrible tax increase measure." Ed Meese, referring to it as "the Debacle of 1982," describes it as "the greatest domestic error of the Reagan administration" and "a complete departure from our tax-cutting mandate." TEFRA was a profound betrayal of the voters' trust, and not nearly so much on the specific issue of taxes as on the much more essential battle the people had sent Reagan to wage on *their* behalf: against America's ongoing transformation from a country primarily serving the peoples' interests into one in which the people are made to serve those of parasitic government.

I happened to be working in Washington at the time and clearly recall an almost palpable sense of deflation: that the strong wind that had been driving the administration and the scarcely begun Reagan Revolution suddenly quit with TEFRA. The sails went flat. The administration began drifting in the water. Reagan never regained anything like the political momentum he had enjoyed up to that point. The dismantling of the Republican majority of 1980 had begun. The worst part of the debacle was that it was done to us not by Democrats (though they had certainly pushed it along) but by our own hand. Thus began the suicidal attack that continues today by Republicans against our own Party, against the best people in it, against all the principles we profess to hold most dear, and, above all, against the coalition of voters out in the country that had placed its trust in the GOP.

Once begun, great forces were unleashed to force as many as possible to join in this exercise in Republican death wishing, as Nofziger relates: "We had less than two weeks to get the job [TEFRA's passage] done and only 12 committed Republican votes. The Democratic leadership had told the president he had to scare up between 90 and 100 before they would give us the votes they controlled . . . .

"[W]e got the job done — 103 Republican votes. We did it with persuasion, friendly and unfriendly. We brought opposed Republicans in to see the president, exposed them to his powers of persuasion, and forced them to look him in the eye when they told him no, as some, including a few from California, had the guts to do. Without exception these dissidents explained that they were adhering to his philosophy, even if he wasn't.

"We went after them in their home districts, persuading their supporters and money people to work them over. We threatened them, we cajoled them, we made commitments to them, we kissed their backsides . . . . [T]he House passed the bill. To no one's surprise, except maybe Reagan's, Congress never did cut back on spending, and the president eventually realized he had been had."

This sordid business was repeated at George Bush's bidding in 1990 and again at Pete Wilson's in 1991. For his part, Wilson added public pummeling of his Party's men of principle, particularly in the state Assembly, accusing them of political grandstanding, of extremism, of stupidity, and more or less anything else he could think of, all in the public eye, to force them to carry an $8 billion tax increase. The governor, too, eventually realized he had been had, but only long after irreparable damage (at least as far as the 1992 elections were concerned, anyway) had been done.

THE WORST thing a leader can do is force his own best people to abandon their integrity. In good men, it destroys the soul. It breeds a taste for treachery, as Paul Horcher seems determined to demonstrate, where loyalty and a spirit of self-sacrifice previously were found. Yet this is precisely what Reagan, Bush, and Wilson each have done in turn.

This is the Great Republican Death Wish in its fullest flower. More or less from the moment he was sworn in, Wilson (later joined by John Seymour and, with a vengeance, Tom Campbell) displayed an open contempt for anyone loy-

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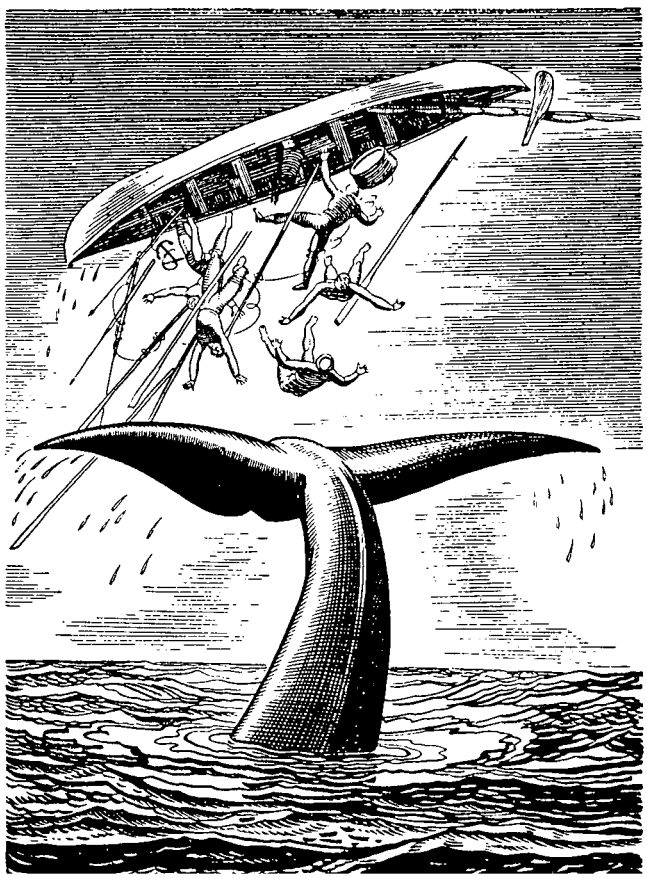
al to the Republican Party's conservative principles, going far beyond anything they showed in the way of opposition to Democrats. Differences with the opposition party were matters of degree: disagreements over the limits of what was practical, not fundamental; matters that could be expected by and large to yield to honest bargaining. In contrast, conservatives were dismissed as essentially hopeless and, in any event, irrelevant (though, strangely, at the same time, dangerous).

For his part, Wilson argues that his opposition within the Party has proven itself unworthy of leadership in a variety of ways: hopelessly out of step with almost everyone on social issues, especially abortion, and behind the times in its insistence on dismantling big government ("simply can't be done," we are told with characteristic pessimism). Wilson implies that the conservatives' refusal to give up these positions proves that they are both political losers and irrational: Neanderthal ideologues charging around like so many pathetic Don Quixotes on crusade rather than sanely and sensibly looking for practical, pragmatic solutions to the problems government faces. Unbending, divisive, and exclusionary, they tend to confirm all the left's worst stereotypes of Republicans: reactionary, bigoted, and so on. And the religious ones are the worst of the lot, compounding plain stupidity with a mad sense of divine mission that fires them with an Ayatollah-like determination to flatten all opposition, imposing their fantastic, fanatical beliefs all around. America's tradition of pluralism and the interests of the Republican Party both require that they be kept as far from power as possible.

Do I exaggerate — the personal nature of the attacks? their vituperative tone? — as I say, going far beyond anything directed against Democrats. Last summer, at a meeting of prominent California Republican activists, the governor's representative, Julie Justus, was delivering the standard "Big Tent" appeal about the Party's need to grow up, to welcome more people with more diverse ideas into its ranks, become a coalition large and generous-spirited enough to represent and govern *all* the people, and so on. Suddenly, without missing a beat (I think the shift actually came in mid-sentence), she was off pouring invective on an insidious "new" group showing up at GOP meetings and activities around the state. "I've never seen them involved before," she said, but all the exuberance for attracting new faces was gone. *These* newcomers were from the "Christian Right," she said, making them sound like fevered Moonies looking for a sweet, innocent party to infiltrate, subvert, and control. I waited for the room to burst out laughing at the idea of a group of novices running off with the Party, filled as it was with gnarled old veterans of decades of every imaginable kind of intra-party power struggle engulfing everything from conventions to caucuses to volunteer groups, indeed, any collection of two or more gathered in the GOP's name. But all remained silent.

"THEY NEED us," Justus was concluding, "a lot more than we need them." She sat down. I thought someone would remark at the sheer hypocrisy, if not the divisiveness, of her talk. (As an observer, I could not speak.) But nothing came; no one seemed to notice. Of course, what was happening was that those on Justus's (that is, the governor's) side, a distinct minority as they are at almost any Republican gathering, were glowing inwardly having seen the dragon slain once more, while the conservatives who filled most of the room had long-since given up trying to penetrate the prejudice of "moderate" Republicans on the subject of Christian conservatives.

It reminded me of a conversation I had with Joel Kotkin, a more or less moderate Democrat writer who, among other things, is a contributing editor of the *Los Angeles Times'* Sunday "Opinion" section. Kotkin has had the audacity to express, in print, some positions that could be construed as mildly critical of the Democrat orthodoxy about the need always and everywhere for more government to deal with urban blight. He's even implied that some of the political leaders of minority communities might not be serving the best interests of their constituents by hewing this line too rigidly. He was complaining to me about how fellow liberals, old friends and new acquaintances alike, were suddenly referring darkly to his flirtations with fascism, of all things. He was exasperated at their unwillingness to drop their ideological, partisan blinders even for a moment to try looking at an idea honestly. Thinking I saw an opening, I suggested that poor Bruce Herschensohn was perhaps being tarred a little un-



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fairly in the same way. "Herschensohn!" he said quickly straightening up and looking shocked. "I think he's a fascist." What is there to say? I bid him adieu.

One of the most often heard charges against conservatives is that they would rather divide the Party than give in on any of their precious litmus tests. I was surprised, in one of my early encounters with this complaint, to find the discussion quickly work its way around to Max Rafferty's primary election defeat of Tom Kuchel *in 1968!* One thing to bear in mind about these "moderates" is that they never forget a slight, and that many of those old enough to remember the '68 campaign are as mad as ever about it to this day. But citing it as an example of *conservative* perfidy is laughable. Kuchel had raised the practice of abandoning "unacceptable" Republicans to the level of high principle, unctuously refusing to support either Barry Goldwater or George Murphy in 1964, Reagan in '66, and, to top it off, Rafferty in '68 in the general against Alan Cranston, all the while displaying much the same tone of contempt for his fellow Republicans that Wilson fell into regularly in 1991. Like Wilson, had Kuchel been thinking of his party, he would have better served himself. The one Rafferty charge that really resonated with GOP voters was Kuchel's disloyalty to the Party. Without that to run against, Kuchel would most likely have held his seat. Another victory for the Great Republican Death Wish.

These supposedly "moderate" men regularly stomp off in a snit when Republican candidates don't fit *their* litmus tests. In 1966, William Penn Patrick and George Christopher publicly implied that Reagan was a bigot and a racist. After Reagan won the primary, Christopher, according to Nofziger, "spent the general election sulking, giving only a cursory endorsement to Reagan." The pattern continued last year, when a group of highly prominent liberal Republicans in Orange County endorsed and actively supported Bill Clinton. Also, while "Republicans for Boxer" groups appeared up and down the state, not one prominent conservative endorsed Dianne Feinstein. Exit polls showed that the GOP group most loyal to Bush nationally were the dreaded, "divisive" Christian conservatives.

Are conservatives or are "moderates" the Republicans addicted to worn-out, loser positions? I refer readers to Christopher Shelton's "Battle for the GOP Soul" in *CPR's* Summer '92 issue for a thorough analysis of Wilson's suicide attack on conservatives in last June's primary. As for the general, it was Bruce Herschensohn who ran a highly competitive race, not John Seymour, who was buried. Surveys regularly show that the traditional, Reagan, conservative message of lower taxes, less government, and turning loose the productive energies of the people is a winner. But the Bush and Wilson tax increase cave-ins removed those issues for the GOP and convinced voters that Republicans can't be trusted. The supposedly terrible prolife plank in the national Republican Platform has been there since 1980, never caused Reagan or Bush any significant loss of support, and, to the extent voters said abortion determined their vote in 1992, it caused more of them to vote Republican than otherwise.

As for the notion that Christian Conservatives are trying to highjack the Party under the nose of its moderate majority, who, may I ask, boldly announced the dawn of a "New Republicanism" some two years ago, without bothering to check if anyone in the Party besides themselves had any interest in jettisoning the old Republicanism? This whole business of dividing the Party can fairly be laid on only one doorstep: Pete Wilson's (though Tom Campbell is now striving furiously to rebuild his political career by fanning the flames of GOP civil war nationwide). The governor first destroyed the economic issues that best held our coalition together, then focused all the attention he could right up to and beyond last year's elections on the most divisive issues possible. Like Ahab leading his ship and crew to their destruction on a mad, hopeless, self-annihilating quest after Moby Dick, Wilson has pursued and attacked conservative Republicans and conservative Republicanism with no apparent regard for the damage it was doing his party, for the mounting defeats his efforts were piling up with no indication that he might ever win this fight, and even without regard for the destruction of his own political career. Pete Wilson might have been smart enough to know, as Dan Schnur said, that he would have to govern successfully to be elected president, but he no longer seems to care. He made it his quest to "remake" the Republican Party in his own image and he is not a man who finds it easy to step back even from such a political precipice as he now faces when part of the price of doing so is swallowing his pride and admitting he has been wrong. Pride, as Reagan's plaque implied, is a voracious destroyer. Rule or ruin? Go ask the governor, not the conservatives.

RONALD REAGAN showed that the GOP flourishes when it takes its natural position in opposition to the Democrats who, their propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding, are the party of the power structure: the vast bureaucracies, the parasitic special interests, the lawless judiciary, the out-of-control Congress, and the huge and growing tax-consuming population. Republicans have no place to go except to the other side of this issue: with ordinary Americans who sustain themselves through their own labor producing things people want to buy — voluntarily. What Wilson seems never to have learned is that to lead this Party, you must first forget your own selfish ambition, your own precious place in the power structure, or, meaning to or not, you will find you have gone over to the other side. That makes a Republican superfluous, because neither America nor California needs two Democrat parties. Republicans must either stand with their traditional constituents or cease to exist as a party. And that would be bad, because even though something else would eventually come along to replace the GOP, in the meantime Americans who love their freedom would have no party at all. CPR

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Muggeridge

(Continued from page 26)

our civilization will long since have joined all the others that once were, and now can only be patiently reconstructed out of dusty ruins, incomprehensible hieroglyphics, and other residuary relics, archaeologists discover the cave, and set about sorting out its contents and trying to deduce from them what we were like and how we lived. (This is assuming, of course, that we do not, in the process of working out the great liberal death wish, blow ourselves and our earth to smithereens — a large assumption.)

WHAT WILL they make of us? I wonder. Materially, so rich and so powerful; spiritually, so impoverished and fear-ridden. Having made such remarkable inroads into the secrets of nature; beginning to explore, and perhaps to colonize, the universe itself; developing the means to produce in more or less unlimited quantities everything we could possibly need or desire, and to transmit swifter than light every thought, smile, or word that could possibly delight, entertain, or instruct us. Disposing of treasure beyond calculation, opening up possibilities beyond conception. Yet haunted and obsessed by the fear that we are too numerous; that soon, as our numbers go on increasing, there will be no room or food for us. On the one hand, a neurotic passion to increase consumption, sustained by every sort of imbecile persuasion; on the other, ever-increasing hunger and penury among the so-called backward or underdeveloped peoples. Never, our archaeologists will surely conclude, was any generation of men intent upon the pursuit of happiness more advantageously placed to attain it, who yet, with seeming deliberation, took the opposite course — toward chaos, not order; toward breakdown, not stability; toward death, destruction, and darkness, not life, creativity, and light. An ascent that ran downhill; plenty that turned into a wasteland: a cornucopia whose abundance made hungry; a death wish inexorably unfolding.

Searching about in their minds for some explanation of this pursuit of happiness that became a death wish, the archaeologists, it seems to me, would be bound to hit upon the doctrine of progress: probably the most ludicrous, certainly the most deleterious, fancy ever to take possession of the human heart; the liberal mind's basic dogma. The notion that human beings, *as individuals,* must necessarily get better and better is even now considered by most people to be untenable in the light of their indubitably outrageous behavior toward one another; but the equivalent *collective* concept — that their social circumstances and conduct must necessarily improve — has come to seem almost axiomatic. On this basis, all change represents progress, and is therefore good; to change anything is, *per se,* to improve or reform it.

For instance, to dilute the marriage tie to the point that it no longer impedes virtually unrestrained promiscuity, or provides the possibility of a stable home to bring up children in, is a reform; to oppose this, reactionary. Likewise, to abolish all restrictions on what may be published, or publicly shown as entertainment, is a reform, even though it opens the way for an avalanche of pornography, and gives full freedom to operate to the sinister individuals and interests engaging in this unsavory trade. Again, the legalization of abortion is a reform as, we may be sure, will be claimed in due course for legalization of euthanasia. In Germany, under the Nazi regime — a decidedly liberal one in this field — sterilization of the allegedly unfit was practiced with a zeal and expedition that must be the envy of our eugenists, forced, as they are, to adopt such paltry devices as offering transistor radio sets to putative Indian sterilees. The Nazis were able, too, to dispose painlessly and expeditiously of unproductive citizens — what the French, with their usual brutal realism, call "useless mouths" — without any questions being asked. All this Nazi-sponsored progress was summarily interrupted by Germany's military defeat in 1945, but after a decent interval has been resumed in the victor countries.

It was, of course, Darwin's theory of natural selection which first popularized the notion that Man and his environment are involved in an endless and automatic process of improvement. Who can measure the consequences of this naive assumption? What secret subversive organization, endowed with unlimited funds and resources, could hope to achieve a thousandth part of what it achieved in the way of discrediting the then prevailing moral values and assumptions, putting in their place nothing more than vague, sentimental hopes of collective human betterment, and the liberal mind to entertain them? It is interesting to reflect that now, in the light of all that has happened, the early obscurantist opponents of Darwinian evolution seem vastly more sagacious and farseeing than its early excited champions. There must be quite a number today who, like myself, would rather go down to history even as a puffing, portentous Bishop Wilberforce than, say, a Herbert Spencer, or a poor, squeaky H.G. Wells, ardent evolutionist and disciple of Huxley, with his vision of an earthly paradise achieved through science and technology; those twin monsters which have laid waste a whole world, polluting its seas and rivers and lakes with poisons, infecting its very earth and all its creatures, reaching into Man's mind and inner consciousness to control and condition him, at the same time entrusting to irresponsible, irresolute human hands the instruments of universal destruction. It must be added that, confronted with this prospect when, at the very end of his life, the first nuclear explosion

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was announced, Wells turned his face to the wall, letting off in *Mind at the End of its Tether* one last, despairing, whimpering cry which unsaid everything he had ever thought or hoped. Belatedly, he understood that what he had followed as a lifeforce was, in point of fact, a death wish, into which he was glad to sink the little that remained of his own life in the confident expectation of total and final obliteration.

THE ENTHRONEMENT of the gospel of progress necessarily required the final discrediting of the gospel of Christ, and the destruction of the whole edifice of ethics, law, culture, human relationships and human behavior constructed upon it. Our civilization, after all, began with Christianity, not the theory of evolution, and, we may be sure, will perish with it, too — if it has not already. Jesus of Nazareth was its founding father, not Charles Darwin; it was Paul of Tarsus who first carried its message to Europe, not Henry Ford, or even Hugh Hefner. Jesus, by dying on the Cross, abolished death-wishing; dying became thenceforth life's glory and fulfillment. So, when Jesus called on His followers to die in order to live, He created a tidal wave of joy and hope on which they have ridden for two thousand years. The gospel of progress represents the exact antithesis. It plays the Crucifixion backward, as it were; in the beginning was the flesh, and the flesh became Word. In the light of this Logos in reverse, the quest for hope is the ultimate hopelessness; the pursuit of happiness, the certitude of despair; the lust for life, the embrace of death.

The liberal assault on Christianity has been undertaken with a fury and fervor which today, when the battle seems to have been conclusively won, is difficult to comprehend. I well remember my surprise, in a television encounter with Bertrand Russell, at discovering in him an almost demented hatred of Christ and Christianity, to which he attributed all the horrors and misfortunes mankind has had to endure since the fall of the Roman Empire. As I attempted to confute this view, I found myself watching with fascination a red flush which rose steadily up his thin stringy neck and spread to his face. The receding chin, the pasty flesh, the simian features struck me then as suggestive of a physical degeneracy (doubtless to be expected in view of his family history) matching the moral degeneracy he had done so much to promote. It was a cruel, and doubtless unfair, light in which to see him; a product, I daresay, of the passionate and physically agonizing conflict in which I found myself involved. At the time, however, the impression was particularly vivid and convincing, and abides with me still.

The script of this strange encounter is still extant, and reveals the philosopher in a most unphilosophic mood; roaring and bellowing like any atheist orator at Hyde Park Corner. In the light of it, I derived a lot of quiet amusement from the tributes paid to Russell by eminent churchmen when he died. To the best of my knowledge, there was not one single ecclesiastical or clerical voice raised to point out that the great influence Russell undoubtedly exerted was inimical to every Christian moral assumption and standard of Christian behavior. It is rather as though one were to find in the literature of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals a panegyric to bullfighting or fox hunting.

If the purpose of life is, indeed, to pursue happiness here and now, on this earth, then, clearly, it can only be realized in terms of what this earth provides — that is, of goods and toys, of egotistic success or celebrity, of diversions like speed and travel and narcotic fantasies; above all, of sexual pleasure and excitement which alone offers an additional illusory sense of transcendental satisfaction notably lacking in another Cadillac, a trip to Tibet or to the moon, or a press of autograph hunters.

Sex is the only mysticism materialism offers, and so to sex the pursuers of happiness address themselves with an avidity and dedication seldom, if ever, surpassed. Who among posterity will ever be able to reconstruct the resultant scene? Who for that matter can convey it today? The vast, obsessive outpouring of erotica in every shape and form; in book and film and play and entertainment, in body and word and deed, to that there is no escape for anyone. The lame and the halt, the doddering and the infirm, equally called upon to squeeze out of their frail flesh the requisite response. It is the flesh that quickeneth, the spirit profiteth nothing; *copulo ergo sum,* I screw, therefore I am — the new version of Descartes' famous axiom. All possible impediments swept away; no moral taboos, no legal ones, either. An orgasm a day, however procured, keeps the doctor away. Pornography, like Guinness, is good for us, as numerous learned doctors and professors have been at great pains to establish. For instance, a Dr. O. Elthammer of the Stockholm Child Psychiatric Department, who, I read in a letter to the *New Statesman* — that faithful chronicler of the liberal mind through every twist and turn and tergiversation for half a century past — has "proved conclusively" that pornography does not have a corrupting effect, by showing to some children between the ages of 11 and 18 a film of a woman being raped by a group of intoxicated louts and then forced to have intercourse with a dog. "None of the children," the doctor triumphantly concluded, "was frightened during or after the film, but a proportion of the older girls did admit to being shocked," while two adults also present "needed psychological treatment for a month afterward." One idly wonders what happened to the dog.

I SEE THE great liberal death wish driving through the years ahead in triple harness with the gospel of progress and the pursuit of happiness. These our three Horsemen of the Apocalypse — progress, happiness, death. Gorging, left hungry; sedated, left restless; telling all, hiding all; in flesh united, forever separate. So we press on through the valley of abundance that leads to the wasteland of satiety, passing through the gardens of fantasy; seeking happiness ever more ardently, and finding death ever more surely. CPR

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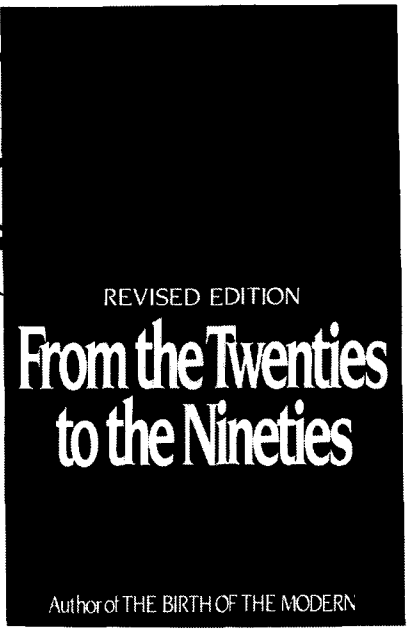

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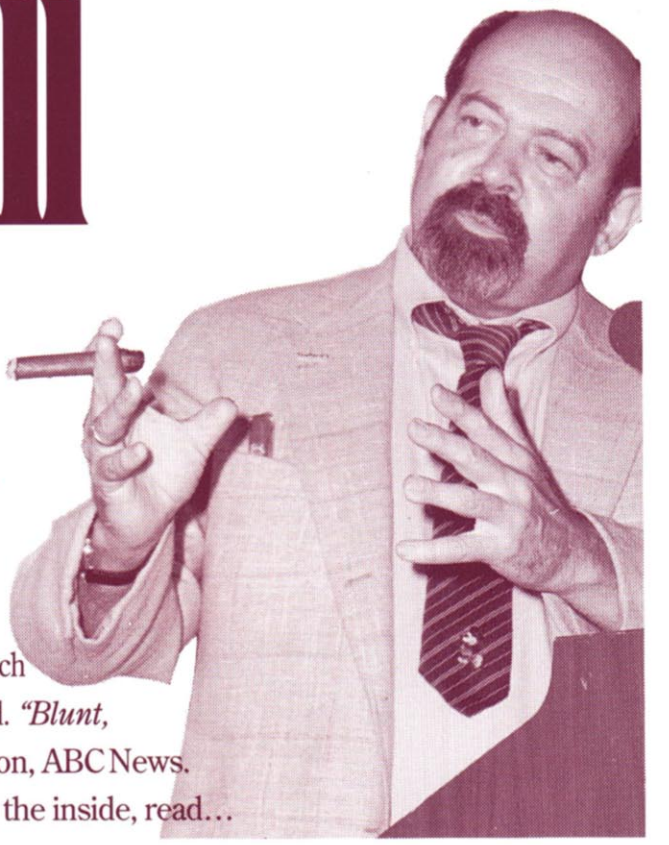

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